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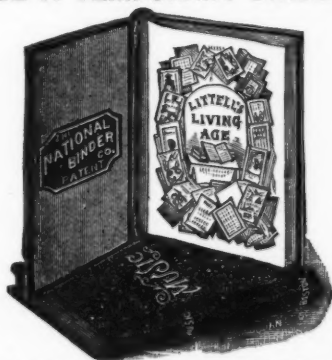
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Sixth Series,  
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## EXPERTO CREDE.

You have sat at life's banquet for many a year ;

Come, here is the *menu*, advise if you please ;

I should like your unbiassed opinion to hear,

For I'm still at the soup, while you've got to the cheese.

Quite true, my dear boy, that I'm older than you ;

But where is the sense of my giving advice ?

I may offer suggestions till everything's blue,

But you'll taste every course, whether nasty or nice.

Well, they tell me, old chap, you're a real good sort,

You have played every game that a gentleman may—

High politics, culture, wine, women, and sport,

So which would you counsel a youngster to play ?

If Parliament gave you your fellows to rule,

I'd launch you forthwith on the candidate's course,

But when you're a pawn in the hand of a fool

You'll find that life's sweeter on top of a horse.

No doubt you are right, still, the Senate apart,

One may live with the learned at least, I suppose ;

I'll study philosophy, music, and art ;

I should like to know everything any one knows.

Yes, read, mark, and learn, lad, and inly digest !

But there's what may fright your ambition at once :

The standard of wisdom is never at rest—

To-day you're a scholar, to-morrow a dunce.

Please pass the decanter ; I know you'll admit,

From the way that you've lauded this cellar of mine,

The rarer the vintage, the riper the wit ;

Don't tell me that years make one *blasé* with wine.

When the palate gets nicer, grows nearer the gout ;

I would venture the gout for some thirty-four port,

But there's none of it left, and you're better without :

No vintage can vie with the virtue of sport.

But I'm not like Adonis, in looks or desire,

Forgive me, you've singed your own wings at the flame,

Each fair one I meet sets my bosom afire,

Or dairymaid dainty, or delicate dame.

The start would be sweet, were there nothing to fear,

But the end is a heartache, and often disgrace,

The game is too cheap, and the candle's too dear ;

A plague on the women, here's luck to the chase !

Temple Bar.

ELLIOTT LEES.

## TO A FRIEND,

UNITING ANTIQUARIAN TASTES WITH  
PROGRESSIVE POLITICS.

TRUE lover of the past, who dost not scorn  
To give good heed to what the future saith,—

Drinking the air of two worlds at a breath,

Thou livest not alone in thoughts outworn,  
But ever helpst the new time be born,

Though with a sigh for the old order's death ;

As clouds that crown the night that perisheth

Aid in the high solemnities of morn.

Guests of the ages, at to-morrow's door

Why shrink we ? The long track behind us lies,

The lamps gleam and the music throbs before,

Bidding us enter ; and I count him wise,  
Who loves so well man's noble memories

He needs must love man's nobler hopes yet more.

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE PLACE OF HERESY AND SCHISM IN  
THE MODERN CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

IF Christ our Lord founded the Church as a visible and organized society, by a commission from himself; if he did this in the most definite and pointed way by a charge, not to the mass of believers promiscuously, but to the apostles, whom he had chosen, and whom in many significant ways he designated as his successors in carrying forward the great work of the incarnation; and, again, if this charge, far from being limited to the brief term of their personal careers upon earth, was expressly extended by a promise of his superintending presence with them (which could only mean with them and their successors) until the end of the world; if, finally, this Church was to be the great standing witness in the world for him and for the recovery of lost mankind; it follows that a most serious question arose hereupon, which may be described in such terms as these. It relates to the condition of any who, acknowledging his authority, yet should rebel against the jurisdiction then solemnly constituted, should sever themselves, in doctrine or in communion, from his servants, and should presume in this way to impair their witness and to frustrate thereby his work, so far as in them lay.

This question did not escape the forethought of our Saviour, and it was dealt with by him in the simplest and most decisive manner. "If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican" (St. Matt. xviii. 17). With this stringent law the language of the apostles coincides, and, most markedly perhaps among them all, the language of St. John, who was especially the apostle of love. The work of heretics and schismatics was a work of the flesh, and, like other works of the flesh, it excluded from salvation. Thus, in the face of all hostile powers, and under the pressure of its hostility, the unity of the Church was maintained, and she patiently pursued her office through the

gloom of this world to the glory of the next.

This I think is a fair account of heresy and schism, according to the view of our Lord and the apostles. But now there have passed away well-nigh two thousand years, and enormous changes have been brought about.

The Church, whose light in apostolic days was still, so far as regarded the world at large, hidden under a bushel, by degrees became mistress of the social and moral forces which determined the course of human society, and assumed a conspicuous and triumphant position. That cruel, overweening world, of which Scripture speaks, waned by degrees and dwindled in her presence, and finally throughout Christendom became absorbed in the mass of baptized believers. But the internal change, though it was great, was not co-extensive with that of the exterior face. All the elements of evil, which at first had carried on an open warfare with the Church, now wrought against her true life and spirit more subtly from within. The tone of her life was immensely lowered, and her witness for God before the world, which was formerly only compromised by heresy and schism, was now darkened and enfeebled by latent corruption in a thousand forms. She was still, however, the heir of the promises; the obligations of her mission were unchanged. Was she still entitled as before to wield against those who broke away from her creed or her communion, the thunderbolts of the Most High? Without doubt it was still her duty to pray, as she now prays, to be delivered from the evils of heresy and schism; but when her warnings had been slighted, and these evils had come into an existence, not only active but inveterate, was she still bound, was she now even permitted, to act upon the rules and to hold the language of the New Testament against the persons chargeable?

I should be inclined to reply that during such periods as the fourth century, when the wide sway of the Arian opinion often made it matter of doubt

where the true Church of Christ, in one place or another, was to be found ; or in other words with which of two contending bishops it was a duty to hold communion, this darkening of the evidence modified the moral character of the offence. But on the whole the credentials of the Church did not lose their original clearness, and so long as this was the case, her duties with respect to heresy and schism remained without substantial change, and she was bound not to compromise the safety of her spiritual children by any use of ambiguous language.

Now it has happened in certain cases, and it seems to have come about very gradually since the Advent, that the laws of religion have been modified by circumstance. Nothing can be more broad and sweeping than the denunciations of the Old Testament, against all attempts to embody in images the forms of living creatures. The crime of idolatry ranks in all its pages with the very highest crimes. But it has been urged that, from the time when the Son of God was pleased to assume human form, this law naturally, if insensibly, underwent an essential modification. By far the largest portion of the Christian Church, gives a sanction to the use for religious purposes either of images or of pictures. This use is not wholly excluded from the Churches of the Reformation, as may be seen in Lutheran countries, and especially in Scandinavia. Not that the dangers which beset the employment of images in religion have been wholly removed ; but rather that they are now in the class of dangers fit to be guarded against otherwise than by absolute prohibition. It is not now with us as it was at the period when Moses was in Horeb. The world was then generally given to the practice of representing God in images ; and in many cases this practice, especially in the East, was associated with purposes unspeakably degrading. The mission of the Hebrew race absolutely required that the divine idea should be held in sharp severance from every material form. The religion of the God-man has now

deprived abuse of every palliation. A new method of procedure has to be adopted, and the mere making of the image or picture, apart from the cult paid to it, no longer involves the guilt of idolatry.

We might perhaps quote, as another instance of the mutability in certain cases of great religious laws, the case of the law of usury. It appears to have been incorporated in the Mosaic system, as a conservative expedient for the repression of all those economic changes, which seemed to threaten the fixity of the Jewish system. Hence the taking of usury is everywhere denounced with vehemence as a moral offence. Yet our Saviour himself, in the parable of the talents, appears to recognize interest upon money as an established, perhaps as a legitimate, practice. The phrase itself has been essentially changed in signification ; and the whole prohibitory system against it, in whatever sense, may be said to have disappeared from the face of Christian statute-books.

Let us see whether the application of true and just principles to the mixed and fluctuating conditions of life has undergone, or ought to undergo, in the case of heresy and schism, any mitigation offering in some respects an analogy with what has happened as to the law of idolatry and the law of usury.

Now the guilt of any offence whatever, varies inversely with the strength and clearness of the evidence which establishes its criminality. And surely it is not to be denied that the evidence which condemns heresy and schism has been greatly darkened, and therefore greatly weakened, since the days of the apostles.

The Church was then fresh from the hands of her divine founder. The principles of life within her were so powerful as to preclude any allowed manifestation of the spirit of heresy or of schism, or to render its suppression easy. She was governed by those who had personally known the Lord ; whose authority was attested by the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit ; by men, some of whose brethren had already sealed,

and who might themselves at any moment be summoned personally to seal, their testimony with their blood. The unity of the Church was a fact as patent to those who came into contact with it, as the unity of the sun in heaven, and to deny the one was like denying the other.

But before three centuries had passed, the Church was at variance for considerable periods with itself, both in communion and in doctrine, and these periods were gradually elongated into something like a continuous chain. During the agonizing struggles of the fourth century with Arianism, the intensity of which it is difficult for modern Christendom to conceive, where was the light of the city on the hill? or what could be the responsibility of the individual Christian, for threading his way through the mazes of theological controversy to the truth? On minor cases it is needless to dwell; almost needless to point out that in cases such as that of Montanism, the party adjudged to be heretical might well seem, to the inexperienced eye, as the stoutest attestors of the antagonism between Church and world, which all knew to be a fundamental truth of the Gospel. The force of Athanasian faith proved eventually sufficient to bring the Arian heresy to its downfall, and the accompanying schisms to a close. But who does not feel that these facts of history remaining on its page cast some haze upon the clear light of the apostolic doctrine of schism, and abate the sharpness of its edge? Still, as facts they passed away, and unity was admitted in principle as the universal law.

But experience had yet to produce larger crops of evidence all working in the same direction. The eleventh century established the rupture between the Greek and the Latin Churches which has never yet been closed; but which on the contrary has, it is to be feared, been seriously widened by the proceedings of the Vatican Council in 1870; proceedings which appear to have so greatly sharpened the edges of papal infallibility. But the division

established between East and West did not end there. There grew up in the fourteenth century a division between West and West, between Rome and Avignon, under which the English Christian found himself excommunicated in Scotland, and the Scotch in England. Into this labyrinth we need not further enter. The quarrel reached its close; but not in full until the fifteenth century had well advanced. Even then there remained the formidable question to be settled, which party had been in true corporate union with the chair of St. Peter. Any answer to this question which may be attempted, appears to involve consequences beset with the most formidable difficulties. If either party be excluded, then the light of half Western Christendom had been extinct for half a century. If, on the other hand, it be attempted to include them all by the doctrine of an upright intention, that doctrine, when once admitted with respect to Church communion, may be found to render all sharp application of the argument against schismatics (nor is the case of heretics in my opinion materially different), in truth against all non-Roman Christians, nearly impracticable. Meantime the East had all along its divisions also, and Churches tainted with heresy (under the decrees, for example, against Nestorius), still subsisted, and have continued to subsist down to the present day. Moreover, they appear to enjoy equally with the Orthodox Church the prerogative of perpetuity.

After this it seems almost needless to refer to the further and great aggravations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But to find a way of escape from their significance, surely implies a marvellous faculty of shutting the eyes to facts. The Continental Reformation is now nearly four hundred years old. It underwent in the sixteenth century much vicissitude. But, on the whole, sects and parties have settled down. The boundaries of sect now undergo no great changes. Protestantism, unable to make good its footing south of the Alps, and numerically feeble in France,

yet remains upon the whole, after this long experience, a hard, inexpugnable, intractable, indigestible fact. In some countries, as in Scandinavia, it enjoys even exclusive possession. Who can fail to be struck with the fact, that the distinctions between the fugitive and the permanent seem to be in a measure broken down? It was not so of old. The Gnostic, the Arian, the Donatist, the Monophysite, where are they? When we compare their meteoric passage over the scene, with the massive and by no means merely controversial Protestantism of northern Europe, are we not led to the conclusion that there must be some profound and subtle difference in the causes which have issued in such a signal contrariety of results? It does not seem altogether like the case of the wicked man, flourishing for a moment like the green bay tree, but presently sought for and nowhere to be found.

And if this be true as to the Protestantism of Continental Europe, is it not even more vividly true of the singularly active and progressive Protestantism (other than Anglican) of Great Britain? I speak of that Protestantism—Presbyterian, Methodist, Independent, and the rest—which has not only built itself steadily upward, without aid, speaking generally, from any other than internal and voluntary resources, but has reproduced itself in America, endowed there also with much of this same reproductive energy, and has dotted nearly all barbarous countries with the light of its Christian missions.

I have not here spoken of the Church of England, which holds a remarkable, and, in some degree, a peculiar, position of its own in Christendom. But I must admit that, at periods not wholly beyond my memory, and in appreciably large portions of the country, it has appeared as if the hands principally charged with the training of souls for God, were the hands mainly or only of Nonconformists. If in the abstract it be difficult to find justification for English Nonconformity, yet when we view it as a fact, it must surely command our respect and sympathy. If

so we cannot dare to curse what God seems in many ways to have blessed and honored, in electing it to perform duties neglected by others, and in emboldening it to take a forward part, not limited to our narrow shores, on behalf of the broadest interests of Christianity. Here, indeed, I may speak as one who in some degree at least knows that whereof he is talking. I have seen and known and but too easily could quote the cases, in which the Christian side of political controversies has been largely made over by the members of the English Church to the championship of Nonconformists. I take it for example to be beyond all question that, had the matter depended wholly on the sentiment and action of the National Church, the act for the extinction of negro slavery would not have been passed so soon as in the year 1833.

There are civil cases when, though we may not be able to say the rebel is in the right, yet we can clearly see that the possessor of power who drove him to be a rebel, is far more profoundly in the wrong. It may perhaps be that something of a similar situation has been brought about in the Christian Church, and that antichristian ambitions, working under some thin Christian garb, have in a certain sense sapped and mined foundations, in such manner that, through long addiction to and tyrannical enforcement of unreasonable claims, it has eventually become impracticable to procure the allowance of any just weight to claims which are reasonable.

If there be anything of force or justice in the foregoing remarks, they lead us directly and undeniably to an important consequence.

Nothing can be more plausible, or at first sight stranger, than the case which can be made for itself by the spirit of proselytism; although our Saviour made a reference to it which cannot be encouraging to its more reckless votaries. Let us see what that case really comes to. Truth, it will be truly said, is the possession most precious to the soul of man. If I am so happy as to possess the truth, as the question sup-



poses it, am I to stand by inactive, and see my neighbor perish for the lack of the sustenance which it supplies? The case, without doubt, is susceptible of startling presentation. But let us look into it a little more closely. Who assures me that this truth of yours, on which you so naturally rely, is certified by any other witness, than the witness of your own private spirit? You will hardly pretend that it has come to you with the stamp and seal of a divine revelation, or that you are entitled to proclaim, like one of the ancient prophets, "Thus saith the Lord!" Holy Scripture provides us with instances of the danger of substituting the witness of another person's private spirit for our own (1 Kings xiii.). Your supposed certainty is but your sincere persuasion; a great warranty without doubt for yourself, but none whatever for me, your neighbor. Unless, indeed, you can show me that you have received from on high a commission to instruct mankind in that which you have learned yourself; but such a commission, which, if it is to rule me, must be exhibited in a manner which I can understand, you do not attempt to show. And thus, or in some way like this, it is that the hot proselytizer ought to learn to pay some of that respect to the convictions of his neighbors, which he pays so largely to his own.

Let us show a little more particularly why and wherefore such respect ought to be paid.

When the proselytizer<sup>1</sup> begins his operations, his first act is to plant his battering-ram, stronger or weaker as the case may be, against the fabric of a formed belief. It may be a belief well formed or ill; but it is all which the person attacked has to depend upon, and where it is sincere and warm, even if unenlightened, the proselytizer, properly so called, seems to have a special zest in the attack. His purpose is to batter it down, to cart away the ruins, and then to set about

building up something else, which he has inwardly projected, in its stead. His purpose is constructive; but his activity is bent in the first instance to destroy. He little knows how easy is the last-named operation, how difficult the first. When he has broken to pieces the creed or system at which his great guns are aimed, what right or power has he to dig new foundations for a mind which is in no way bound to his allegiance? He has led his victim out into the desert, to choose for himself amidst a thousand paths. It is with a just, though not an exclusive, regard to these principles, as I conceive, that the wisest men have proceeded.

It was my lot to visit Munich in the autumn of the year 1845 for a purpose purely domestic. This purpose required me to call upon Dr. Döllinger, then (I may almost say) the favorite theologian of the Latin Church in succession to Möhler, and undeniably a person of essentially large, historic, and philosophic mind. He gave me his time and thoughts with a liberality that excited my astonishment, and I derived from him much that was valuable in explanation and instruction, nor did he scorn my young and immature friendship. For the Church of England, and for its members, among whom I counted, the period was one of disaster and dismay; it was the hour of Newman's secession; the field of controversy was dark with a host of fugitives. But in that trying hour, Dr. Döllinger, while he patiently labored to build me up in Christian belief, never spoke to me a single word that smacked of proselytism. He would not (so I suppose) destroy the half truth, as the first step to the introduction of (what he would think) the whole. I should define the spirit of proselytism as a morbid appetite for effecting conversions, founded too often upon an overweening self-confidence and self-love.

The antidote to this spirit is to be found in a careful regard to the whole circumstances of the case and position of the person concerned. The first requisite is to distinguish markedly

<sup>1</sup> Some sensible remarks on this subject will be found in the correspondence of Cowper, where possibly they would not be looked for.

between the ringleader in a heresy or schism, and his followers; and the next to distinguish, still more markedly, between the first generation of the followers and their descendants.

The great, I might say the enormous, difference which subsists between the founder of a heresy and those who inherit it from the founder, may be illustrated by examining the nature of the term.

The word heresy does not in itself imply poisonous or mischievous opinion. It means self-chosen and self-formed opinion. The Gospel is not chosen or formed by us; but fashioned by God and tendered for our acceptance. Here lies the responsibility of the arch-heretic or heretic proper: God offers him something, he puts it aside, and substitutes for it another thing.

But in the case of his heirs and successors, there is no supposition. Not through their own act, but through the act of the heretic proper, the divine offer has been hid from their view. If and so far as the heresy involves in itself perversion of the Christian dogma, they are the sufferers. But here we are dealing with error, not heresy. With the speciality of heresy, namely, self-appointed choice in lieu of acceptance from the hand of God, they have nothing to do. The heretics of the Apostolic times were founders, self-choosers, and thus heretics proper. The ostensible heretics of our times are consequential and passive, and do not fall within the proper compass of the term, unless, and then only in so far as, they make themselves party to the original rejection of a divine tender.

A petty and most unwarrantable schism was engendered in the Episcopal Church of Scotland, some thirty or forty years ago; but within that obscure and abstractedly unblest fold, there grew up, as I had occasion to know, some young persons of a singular holiness. And what we ought to bear in mind is this: the young Protestant, Nonconformist, Quaker, or other (supposed) imperfect believer, has been reared, like the young Roman Catholic

or Eastern, in a home. He has been taught about God, to believe in him, to love him, to obey him, in the lap of a mother. He holds his religion (though he may not know it), as the mass of Continental Christians do, by tradition. In these first convictions his mind and soul have been trained; and they are entitled to respect, and to the most considerate and tender treatment, upon the very same principles as those which, within the fold of the hierarchical Churches, fence round with sacredness the pious aspirations of the young. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*. But what is true of the child also adheres to the adult; and, if the tenor of this paper be a sound one, we must beware of all that looks coldly or proudly upon beliefs, proved by experience to be capable of promoting, in their several degrees, conformity to the divine will, and personal union with the Saviour of the world.

Let us now proceed to consider various objections which may be taken in perfect good faith, to the strain of argument and remark, which have been followed in the present paper.

It may in the first place be said that I am playing with edge-tools; that the record of Scripture is plain and strong, written on the sacred page as in characters of fire. Do not, it will be said, attenuate, do not explain away, a teaching which is divine. You are tempting your fellow-creatures to walk in slippery paths, and if they should fall you will have incurred no small responsibility.

My reply is as follows. In the cases of idolatry and of usury, I have sought to follow the guidance of Scripture itself; and, it should be remembered that Scripture is not a stereotype projected into the world at a given time and place, but is a record of comprehensive and progressive teaching, applicable to a nature set under providential discipline, observant of its wants which must vary with its growth, and adapting thereto in the most careful manner, its provisions.

What I have attempted, is to distinguish between the facts of heresy and

schism, as they stood in the apostolic age, and the corresponding facts as they present themselves to us, at a period when the ark of God has weathered eighteen hundred years of changeful sea and sky.

I think it was in the year 1838 that the Rev. Sir William Palmer published his book upon "The Church," which I suppose to be, perhaps, the most powerful, and least assailable defence of the position of the Anglican Church from the sixteenth century, especially from the reign of Henry the Eighth onwards. The book was after a few years submerged in the general discredit and discomfiture, which followed upon the temporary collapse of the Oxford movement, consequent upon the secession of the Latin Church of the most powerful genius among its founders. Father Perrone, the official theologian of the Roman See, said of its author, if my memory serve me right, that he was *theologorum Oxoniensium facile princeps*, and gracefully added, *talis cum sit, utinam noster esset*. But he applied in all their vigor to Presbyterians, Puritans, and others, the language of the New Testament concerning heresy and schism, and he seemed ruthlessly to cast them and their communions out of the Church of Christ. I remember feeling at the time the incongruity of such language. In or about the year 1874, the distinguished author published an anonymous work under the pseudonym of "Umbra Oxoniensis;" as to which Dr. Döllinger said to me, "This writer knows what he is about." He presented in truth an essential alteration of his rigid and icy views upon modern heresy and schism. Of the work itself Dr. Döllinger said that its republication, with such enlargement or modification of the text as the lapse of half a century had rendered needful, would be "an event for Christendom" (*ein Ereigniss für die Christenheit*).

But I turn to the higher authority of Holy Writ, and the historic dealings of God with his chosen people. I ask the impartial reader to compare the treatment awarded to Korah, Dathan, and

Abiram, and to their followers, with the providential method pursued, after the great schism of Jeroboam, with the Ten Tribes or Northern Kingdom. Not that the act of this heresiarch was lightly viewed: who, in the teeth of all the tokens continually displayed in Hebrew history, "made Israel to sin." So stood the founder; but how stood the followers? Were they cast out from the elder covenant and its provisions for divine guidance? The account given us of the priesthood of the Northern Kingdom, with its broken succession, might not of itself supply an answer. But parallel with, not antagonistic to, the sacerdotal orders ran the historic race of prophets. The two great functions might be united in the same person. They were in themselves alike sacred, and perfectly distinct. The schismatic body constituted the majority; but this could have no determining effect, for "thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." On grounds, as we may rest assured, quite distinct from those of mere numerical preponderance, the Northern Kingdom was still systematically made the object of rebuke, encouragement, or warning. To it was addressed the great representative ministry of Elijah, the person selected to typify the prophets in the grand vision of the transfiguration; and his character was, so to speak, reproduced in that of the Baptist. Their ruinous dispersion was treated much like that of the Jews. Samaritans, after the Advent, continued to be the objects of the tender regards of our Lord; and the recently recovered Pentateuch of the Samaritan use, has served to show that the people of this motley nation, now so hard to trace amidst the floods of ethnical change, still remained, either collectively or individually, within the fence of the vineyard once planted "on a very fruitful hill."

I ask no more than that we should apply to the questions of heresy and schism, now that they have been permitted, all over Christendom, to harden into facts seemingly permanent, and to bear not thorns and thistles only, but

also grapes and figs, the principles which Holy Scripture has set forth in the history of the two Hebrew kingdoms, and which a just and temperate use of the method of analogy may extract from the record.

I now turn to another objection which may be advanced against me from the Catholic churchman's point of view. And by the Catholic churchman I mean simply one who adheres with firmness to the ancient or Catholic creeds of the Church. These are the Apostolic Creed and the (as commonly called) Nicene Creed; the Athanasian Creed, however important as a document of history and theology, occupying a different place.

It will have been noticed that the argument of these pages points to an alteration in the ancient modes of dealing with those who decline to accept these venerable documents. I have shown that the finger-posts which marked the way to them have, in the course of time, been blurred by human infirmity, and I may be asked whether I propose to resign or abandon those portions of the old creeds which do not now command, as they did four centuries ago, an universal acceptance? For instance, "I believe in one baptism for the remission of sins." For a section of Christendom, not inconsiderable in numbers, and as I conceive growing in magnitude relatively to the whole, these words, I fear, convey no very definite meaning, and are in no sense an article of faith. I mean the non-Episcopal Protestants, especially those of the English tongue. We are not, it seems, to condemn them as they would have been condemned of old for contumacy in the non-acceptance of this article; but we are, in the rather hollow phraseology of the day, to dwell much on the matters in which we agree, little on those in which we differ; a sentiment capable of either wise or unwise application, but sometimes put forward in a thoroughly one-sided spirit, and intended to convey as its true sense that we are to make light of our differences with the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth century, but

as much as we please of any points in controversy with the great Latin and Eastern communions; as if the sixteenth century of our era had been favored with a new, and even with a more authoritative, republication of the Gospel.

Is it the effect, it may be asked, the drift of these explanations, to land us in the substitution for our ancient and historical Christianity, of what is known as undenominational religion?

This is no trivial question, especially in Great Britain and North America. For in them subsist great numbers of religionists organized in bodies which really present few or no salient points of difference. The sacrament of baptism might have appeared to raise such a point, when baptism was conceived to convey with divine authority an inward and spiritual grace. But in proportion as the minds of men are staggered at such a doctrine, and as baptism consequently resolves itself into a becoming and convenient form, the bodies known as Independents and Baptists, counted by millions respectively, may seem to find their warrant for severance from one another somewhat obscured. And as in parts of Great Britain, and in most parts of North America, these non-Episcopal Protestants constitute the bulk of professing Christians, we cannot wonder, and should not complain, if they are more and more laid hold of by the idea, that the contentions of Anglicans, and even of Roman Catholics or Easterns, may properly be overridden with regard to their sectional peculiarities and may be justly required to submit to laws which impose, in schools for the education of the young or otherwise, something that is called undenominational religion. Are not belief in Christ, and union with Christ, the main, the all-important matters, and why should we not together put forward the assertions in which we agree, and leave to the separate care of those who hold them and think them material all adventitious provisions which are supplementary to this grand and central purpose of the Gospel? A

purpose which still blazes, as it were, in the heavens without obscuration before our eyes, while we ourselves confess that the tokens necessary to make good the claims of this or that communion to our allegiance, have been in the course of time obscured.

A few words then are necessary on the nature of undenominational religion.

The idea conveyed in this phrase with awkwardness characteristically modern, has in my opinion two aspects absolutely distinct. One of them is in the highest degree cheering and precious. The other aspect disguises a pitfall, into which whosoever is precipitated will probably find that the substance of the Gospel has escaped, or is fast escaping, from his grasp. With the former of them I first proceed to deal, and very briefly.

I do not know on earth a more blessed subject of contemplation than that which I should describe as follows. There are, it may be, upon earth four hundred and fifty millions of professing Christians. There is no longer one fold under one visible shepherd; and the majority of Christians (such I take it now to be, though the minority is a large one) is content with its one shepherd in heaven, and with the other provisions he has made on earth. His flock is broken up into scores, it may be hundreds, of sections. These sections are not at peace but at war. Nowhere are they too loving to one another; for the most part love is hardly visible among them. Each makes it a point to understand his neighbors not in the best sense, but in the worst; and the thunder of anathema is in the air. But they all profess the Gospel. And what is the Gospel? In the old-fashioned mind and language of the Church, it is expressed as to its central truths in very few and brief words; it lies in those doctrines of the Trinity, and the incarnation of Christ, which it cost the Christian flock in their four first centuries such tears, such prayers, such questionings, such struggles, to establish. Since those early centuries men have multiplied

upon the earth. Disintegration within the Church, which was an accident or an exception, has become a rule; a final, solid, and inexorable fact, sustained by opinion, law, tendency, and the usage of many generations. But with all this segregation, and not only division but conflict of minds and interests, the answer given by the four hundred and fifty millions, or by those who were best entitled to speak for them, to the question what is the Gospel, is still the same. With exceptions so slight, that we may justly set them out of the reckoning, the reply is still the same as it was in the apostolic age, the central truth of the Gospel lies in the Trinity and the Incarnation, in the God that made us, and the Saviour that redeemed us. When I consider what human nature and human history have been, and how feeble is the spirit in its warfare with the flesh, I bow my head in amazement before this mighty moral miracle, this marvellous concurrence evolved from the very heart of discord.

Such, as I apprehend, is the undenominational religion of heaven, of the blissful state. It represents perfected union with Christ, and conformity to the will of God, the overthrowing of the great rebellion, and the restoration of the perpetual Eden, now enriched with all the trophies of redemption, with all the testing and ripening experiences through which the Almighty Father has conducted so many sons to glory. It is the fair fabric now exhibited in its perfection, which could afford to drop, and has dropped, all the scaffolding supplied by the divine architect in his wisdom for the rearing of the structure. The whole process, from first to last, is a normal process, and has been wrought out exclusively by the use of the means provided for it in the spiritual order. Whatever may have been the diversity of means, God the Holy Ghost has been the worker; and the world, which Christ lived and died to redeem, has been the scene. In some cases the auxiliary apparatus was elaborate and rich, in others it was elementary and simple, but in all it



was employed, and made effectual for its aim, by the hand of the almighty and allwise designer.

Here is the genuine undenominationalism ; now let us turn to the spurious.

From every page of the Gospel we find that the great message to be conveyed to the world, in order to its recovery from sin, was to be transmitted through a special organization. I do not enter on any of the questions controverted among believers as to the nature of this organization, whether it was the popedom, or the episcopate, or the presbyterate, or the Christian flock at large consecrated and severed from the world by baptism. The point on which alone I now dwell is that there was a society, that this society was spiritual, that it lay outside the natural and the civil order. These had their own places, purposes, and instruments ; they were qualified to earn a blessing in the legitimate use of those instruments within their own sphere, or might degrade and destroy them, by ambitiously and profanely employing them for purposes for which they were not intended by the Most High.

Nowhere, so far as my knowledge goes, is this essential difference between the temporal and the spiritual kingdoms laid down with a bolder and firmer hand, than in the confessional documents of the Scottish Presbyterian system. It may be due to that Christian courage, that Scottish Presbyterianism has been found strong enough to exhibit in this nineteenth century of ours, examples of self-sacrifice and faith, which have drawn forth tributes of admiration from the Christian world at large. Conversely, of all the counterfeits of religion there is, in my view, none so base as that which passes current under the name of Erastianism, and of which it has been my privilege to witness, during the course of the present century, the gradual decline and almost extinction, especially among the luminaries of the political world. This is not a question between a clergy and a laity ; but between the Church and the world. Divine revelation has

a sphere, no less than a savor of its own. It dwelt of old with the prophets, the priests, and the congregation ; it now dwells with the Christian people, rulers and ruled ; and this strictly in their character as Christian people, as subjects of God the Holy Ghost engaged with them in the holy warfare, which began with the entrance of sin into the world, and which can never end but with its expulsion. Foul fall the day, when the persons of this world shall, on whatever pretext, take into their uncommissioned hands the manipulation of the religion of our Lord and Saviour. The State, laboring in its own domain, is a great, nay a venerable, object ; so is the family. These are the organic units, constitutive of human societies. Let the family transgress and usurp the functions of the State ; its aberrations will be short, and a power it cannot resist will soon reduce its action within proper limits. But the State is, in this world, the master of all coercive means ; and its usurpations, should they occur, cannot be checked by any specific instruments included among standing social provisions. If the State should think proper to frame new creeds by cutting the old ones into pieces and throwing them into the caldron to be reboiled, we have no remedy, except such as may lie hidden among the resources of the providence of God. It is fair to add that the State is in this matter beset by severe temptations ; the vehicle through which these temptations work will probably, in this country at least, be supplied by popular education.

The Church, disabled and discredited by her divisions, has found it impracticable to assert herself as the universal guide. Among the fragments of the body, a certain number have special affinities, and in particular regions or conjunctures of circumstances it would be very easy to frame an undenominational religion much to their liking, divested of many salient points needful in the view of historic Christendom for a complete Christianity. Such a scheme the State might be tempted to authorize by law in public elementary



teaching, nay, to arm it with exclusive and prohibitory powers as against other and more developed methods which the human conscience, sole legitimate arbiter in these matters, together with the spirit of God, may have devised for itself in the more or less successful effort to obtain this guidance. It is in this direction that we have recently been moving, and the motion is towards a point where a danger signal is already lifted. Such an undenominational religion as this could have no promise of permanence. None from authority, for the assumed right to give it is the negation of all authority. None from piety, for it involves at the very outset the surrender of the work of the divine kingdom into the hands of the civil ruler. None from policy, because any and every change that may take place in the sense of the constituent bodies, or any among them, will supply for each successive change precisely the same warrant as was the groundwork of the original proceeding. Whatever happens, let Christianity keep its own acts to its own agents, and not make them over to hands which would justly be deemed profane and sacrilegious when they came to trespass on the province of the sanctuary.

Let us now turn to another aspect of this interesting examination.

Thus far it may be said we have been constantly extenuating the responsibilities which attach to heresy and schism, and tampering with the securities for the maintenance of the true apostolic doctrine. If it may be said the claims of rival communions to demand adhesion with authority are now thus confused or balanced, it follows that Christianity has been deprived of some portion at least of the favoring evidences on which it had to rely when ushered into the world; and thus a diminution has been effected in the aggressive force, by means of which the Gospel had to convert the kingdoms of the world, into the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. And such without doubt is the first result of the argument as it has been

set out. But let us see, if this be an evil, whether it is not one for which in another portion of the field that has been opened, we have an ample compensation; and whether the spirit of faction which prevails so lamentably in religious divisions, has not been made to minister to the very purpose over which it had seemed to exercise so fatal an agency.

When two powers or parties are very sharply divided in controversy, and when the force of the old Adam seems to enthrone this hostility as the ruling motive of their conduct, it is apt to follow that great additional emphasis and efficacy is given to their testimony on the points where it is accordant. Take, for example, the case of the lately discovered Samaritan Pentateuch. The enmity which subsisted between Samaritans and Jews was an overpowering enmity, which reached the point of social excommunication; for the Jews had "no dealings with the Samaritans." Under these circumstances, if either party could have detected the other as implicated in the offence of altering or corrupting the great traditional treasure of the Torah, it is quite certain that the accusation would have been made, and would have been turned to the best possible account. When the capacity and the disposition to expose negligence or fraud existed on each side and in the highest degree, the absence of any charge, and the absolute concurrence as to the great document, afford us the highest possible assurance of the integrity of the record.

The same argument is applicable as between Jews and Christians, and within its proper limits to the integrity of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Now let us ask whether and how far a similar argument applies to the case of the Christian Church rent by schisms, and the Christian faith disturbed and defaced by heresies. We have before us a very Babel of claimants for the honors of orthodoxy and catholicity. Setting out from Western Christendom, we naturally go back to the great convulsion of the sixteenth

century; we perceive the still huge framework of the Latin Church, with the popedom at its head, standing erect upon a wide field of battle, in the midst of other separated masses, each of them greatly smaller when reckoned one by one, but in the aggregate forming a total very large, even if we confine our views to Europe. The three principal of these severed masses are the Lutheran, the Calvinistic, and the Anglican, which at the present time may reach sixty or eighty millions in this quarter of the globe. Conjoined with them are a number of Christian bodies, which derive force and significance partly from magnitude, and partly from the historic incidents of their formation; or from moral, spiritual, or theological particularities, whether in government, discipline, creed, or in the spirit of their policy and proceedings. Almost all of them are very strongly anti-Roman, and there are probably still many religionists among them who regard the Roman scheme, incorporated in the person of the pope, as the man of sin, the anti-Christ, sitting in the temple of God, and boasting or showing himself that he is God. It is impossible to conceive a livelier scene of diversity and antagonism.

When we pass beyond the ocean we find large additions to all these Western communions, especially to those which bear the name of Protestant. So that Presbyterians, Methodists, and Independents or Congregationalists, are able to boast of an aggregate following, which amounts apparently in each case to a respectable number of millions, while the smaller segments of the body continue to be almost everywhere represented.

But Western religion has had this among its other particularities, that it maintains a wonderful unconsciousness of the existence of an East. But there is an Eastern Christianity, and this, too, is divided among no small number of communions, of which by far the most numerous are aggregated round the ancient See of New Rome, or Constantinople. And here again we find

a knot of Churches, which are termed heretical on account of difficulties growing out of the older controversies of the Church. It seems fair, however, to remark that these Churches have not exhibited the changeable and short-lived character which is supposed to be among the most marked notes of heresy. They have subsisted through some fifteen hundred years with a signal persistency, I believe, in doctrine, government, and usage. The Eastern Christians do not probably fall short of ninety or a hundred million persons all told; and although to the Western eye they present so many exterior resemblances to the Roman Church, they are in practice divided from it not less sharply than the Protestants, by differences partly of doctrine (where their position seems very strong), but still more of organization and of spirit.

That all these Churches and communions, Latin, Eastern, or Reformed, bear a conflicting witness concerning Christianity on a multitude of points, is a fact too plain to require exposition or discussion. Is there, however, anything also on which they generally agree? And what is the relation between that on which they agree, and those things on which they differ? At this point, it is manifest that we touch upon matters of great interest and importance; which, however, it will suffice to mention very briefly. The tenets upon which these dissonant and conflicting bodies are agreed, are the great central tenets of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation of our Lord. But these constitute the very kernel of the whole Gospel. Everything besides, that clusters round them, including the doctrines respecting the Church, the ministry, the sacraments, the communion of saints, and the great facts of eschatology, is only developments which have been embodied in the historic Christianity of the past, as auxiliary to the great central purpose of redemption; that original promise which was vouchsafed to sinful man at the outset of his sad experience, and which was duly accomplished when the fulness of time had come.

If, then, the Christian Church has sustained heavy loss through its divisions in the weight of its testimonials, and in its aggressive powers as against the world, I would still ask whether she may not, in the good providence of God, have received a suitable, perhaps a preponderating, compensation, in the accordant witness of all Christendom, to the truths that our religion is the religion of the God-man, and that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh?

It will have appeared, I hope, sufficiently from the foregoing pages, that what they contemplate and seek to recommend is a readjustment of ideas, and not a surrender, in any quarter, of considered and conscientious convictions, or of established laws and practices.

The Christian Church, no longer entitled to speak with an undivided and universal authority, and thus to take her place among the paramount facts of life, is not thereby invaded in her inner citadel. That citadel is, and ever was, the private conscience within this sacred precinct, that matured the forces which by a long incubation grew to such a volume of strength, as legitimately to obtain the mastery of the world. It would be a fatal error to allow the voice of that conscience to be put down by another voice, which proceeds, not from within, but from without, the sanctuary. The private conscience is indeed for man, as Cardinal Newman has well said, the viceroy of God.

It is part of the office with which the private conscience is charged, to measure carefully its powers of harmonious co-operation with Christians of all sorts. This duty should be performed in the manner, and on the basis, so admirably described by Dante:—

Le frondi onde s'infronda tutto l' orto  
Dell' Ortolano eterno, am' io cotanto  
Quanto da lui a lor di bene è porto.<sup>1</sup>

It will be governed by large regard to the principle of love, and by a supreme

regard to the prerogatives of truth, and the very same feelings which will lead a sound mind to welcome a solid union, will also lead it to eschew an immature and hollow one.

And why, it will be further asked, is this readjustment of ideas to be the work of the present juncture? In answer, I request that we should study to discern the signs of the times. Is creation groaning and travailling together for a great recovery, or is it not? Are the persons adverse to that recovery, banded together with an enhanced and overweening confidence? They loudly boast of their improved means of action; and are fond especially of relying on the increase of knowledge. Knowledge, forsooth! God prosper it. But knowledge is like liberty; great offences are committed in her name, and great errors covered with her mantle. The increase of knowledge can only lead us to an increased acquaintance with him who is its source and spring. Let the champions of religion now know and understand, that it is more than ever their duty to equip themselves with knowledge, and to use it as an effective weapon, such as it has proved, and is proving itself to be, in regard to the ancient history of our planet and of man. It is the extension of wealth, the multiplication of luxuries, the increase of wants following therefrom; of wants, every one of which is as one of the threads which would, separately, break, but which in their aggregate, bound Gulliver to the earth. This is the subtle process which more and more, from day to day, is weighting the scale charged with the things seen, as against the scale whose ethereal burden lies in the things unseen. And while the adverse host is thus continually in receipt of new reinforcements, it is time for those who believe to bestir themselves; and to prepare for all eventual issues by well examining their common interests, and by keeping firm hold upon that chain which we are permitted to grasp at its earthward extremity, while at its other end it lies "about the feet of God."

<sup>1</sup> Paradiso, canto xxvi. 64.

From The National Review.

MARGARET: A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

SHE was my baby's nurse, but I had not known her for many days before I realized that she was also a most remarkable young woman, taking her color and surroundings into due consideration.

The warnings and experience of my friends had prepared me to find in her the typical West-Indian servant—lazy, idle, and generally untrustworthy, without morals or conscience, and only redeemed by a certain amount of ill-judged devotion to her little "missus" from being hopelessly bad and inefficient.

The days passed by, and I waited for signs of depravity, but they came not, and to my delighted amazement I slowly realized that except perhaps for a tendency to worship the white "Buckra" baby that was her peculiar charge, in Margaret I possessed the proverbial "treasure."

Of course she was not altogether faultless, but what defects she had were her own, and were often so droll and original that I would hardly have had them absent.

Clad in a vivid red plaid calico dress, and with her frizzly black hair surmounted by a neat sailor hat, she produced indeed a very favorable impression on my mind from the first moment I saw her.

Many other young ladies—yellow, brown, and black—had already been to see me when they heard I wanted a nurse, but she was unlike them all.

A nurse is the one servant that is easy to procure in the West Indies. It is the fashionable and popular form of service, and such a place with an "English missus" is eagerly coveted. Not that Margaret called it a "place" or even a "situation." That is not at all the "genteel" way of expressing it. She described herself as "being in search of employment," which is the correct phrase among the Creole black and colored people, and words make as much difference here as at home.

She was a very fair mulatto girl,

some twenty-two years of age, with a tall, slight figure and a smile that lighted up her whole face. I think it was her smile that decided me to engage her, even more than the tattered little testimonials that she produced with pride, all vouching for her excellent character.

No one could resist Margaret's smile. It was, indeed, her chief stock in trade.

She had also nice bright eyes, round and brown as coffee-berries, and carefully smoothed and plaited hair, on which she bestowed a vast amount of attention and castor-oil. Its natural frizziness asserted itself round her forehead, but that was not her fault.

If her nose and mouth fell short of any classical standard, they were at all events quite passably European, and she moved, spoke, and walked with the peculiar gentleness that is the rule among her class and race.

This gentleness, although delightful in itself, gives rise to many misunderstandings with new-comers from England, for if the negro women were rough and rude less would be expected from them. As matters now are one feels taken in and disappointed, when a girl, who is apparently quietness and modesty itself, is found grievously wanting in all essentials according to European views of propriety.

Margaret, however, proved to be a good girl in every way.

She was an excellent nurse, quiet and careful, and from the first moment that she took the "little missus" in her arms, the baby seemed to know that in her new attendant she had found her best friend. The baby did not mind, if Margaret when excited invariably exclaimed in her soft Creole drawl:—

"Great Scott! what is dis dat I see," an expression that, although I banished it, as in duty bound, from the nursery, invariably made me shake with suppressed laughter. The contrast between the soft, slow voice and the words making it sound even more piquant, for Margaret had picked up the phrase from some former American

masters, and thought it a supremely aristocratic form of exclamation.

Neither did "little missus" object when, a few days after Margaret's arrival, the neat red cotton was discarded, and her nurse appeared in absolute rags and tatters.

I must admit that, as rags go, they were certainly clean enough, but still they were rags and I had to remonstrate with her accordingly. "What is dis for a missus?" she answered calmly with pained surprise on every feature. "Yes, missus, course I plenty dese dresses; but I keep dem for church. Fo' true de missus will ruin me if I no wear my ole dresses in de week. No, missus, we never mend our dresses here," in reply to a suggestion that a few stitches would remedy matters considerably. And so in truth I found was the case. To buy a new dress was very usual, but to mend one was unheard of.

Somewhat or other I provided Margaret with a couple of decent dresses for week-days, for, after all, I reflected, I could not expect very much on the regulation Creole wages of five shillings a week, on which, moreover, as a rule the maids "find" themselves.

She was delighted with her new attire and nice white aprons, and made no objection either to the pretty French caps that I gave her to wear. I would have preferred her to adopt the gay handkerchief, "tied" in the orthodox and picturesque style that is distinctive of the Creole negresses, but when Margaret had such "good hair—*real* hair," as she remarked with pride, it would have been sheer cruelty to have hidden what was indeed such "a glory to her."

I told her with some diplomacy that I could not have given her white caps if she had not had nice hair to show under them, so she was gratified and wore them with great contentment.

Her own Sunday headgear was truly terrible. There was in particular a marvellous edifice in the shape of a Scotch bonnet of bright crimson plush. A long draggled feather of light hue stood erect in front, where it was fast-

ened with a large and somewhat dilapidated brooch of gilt tinsel and sham pearls. The whole effect was ludicrous but striking. For when Margaret was thus adorned for church on Sundays her head presented a kind of compromise between a Highland chieftain and "The Last of the Mohicans." She had other wonderful specimens of attire in her small trunk; a pink flowered sateen for church-going, and a white velvet and feathered bonnet bespangled with gilt beads and pearls.

There is an etiquette to be observed here in church attire: a cotton dress must be always clean and freshly starched, although a new one is preferable.

No dress or hat must be worn more than three times, and the ingenuity with which alterations as to trimmings, ribbons, laces, etc., are carried out, to effect at any rate the semblance of a new garment, is worthy of a better cause.

Margaret's nose was a great trouble to her, I found. It was not a large feature in itself, but it weighed heavily on her mind.

"I tink all you English ladies are so pretty, missus, 'specially in de nose," she complained at last plaintively, after gazing at me one day with a fixity that made me feel quite uncomfortable. "Our nose so vile an' all flat too."

The flatness was too evident to admit of contradiction, so I contented myself with remarking consolingly:—

"But you have all such nice white teeth instead. Think of your teeth, Margaret, and you will forget your nose."

Margaret grinned. "Mine is all false, missus; dat is, most of dem is," she answered, with melancholy pride. "De *black* people hab often nice teeth, but de colored folk hab dem real bad, jest de same as de white Buckra. I get my set last year," she went on with great satisfaction. "It take all my saved money, but most of de colored people in Port Albert try an' 'ford to hab dem put in."

Indeed, the fact, far from being a drawback, was regarded by her as a



cause of elation, for it not only bore witness to her claim to white kinship, but was a tangible proof of her thrift in having saved enough to procure such a costly luxury. At the time it struck me as a curious subject for pride, but later on I understood the feelings that prompted it well enough. All servants, however, were not like Margaret, as I found to my cost, when one day, owing to illness, some temporary help was wanted in the house.

"Dere is my sister Georgiana, missus," suggested Margaret hesitatingly. "She down hyar in search of employment, so Aunt Rosa tell me."

Now, Aunt Rosa was our washer-woman, and was also in her way a good creature, so my spirits rose. In my mind's eye I conjured up a duplicate of Margaret, and feeling I was indeed in luck's way, I requested that Georgiana should come to me with all haste.

She sauntered up next day. An untidy black girl in a ragged and dirty white gown that trailed behind her in the dust.

Her appearance was a distinct shock. To see her standing by her trim, fair sister was such a contrast, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that they were even relations.

She remained with me four days—days that I prefer to forget. She had a positive genius for creating disorder, when she was not standing helplessly and contentedly idle. I believe—for I wish to be quite just—she retained enough of the family traditions—for they were all noted laundresses—to do a little washing fairly well, but on the whole she gave so much more trouble than she saved, that on the fourth day I gave her her week's wages and most thankfully dispensed with the young lady's services.

On her side, she said, moreover, she was too "delicate" to walk the two miles to and from my house. She asserted it "tired her feet." This amused Margaret and the other maids greatly, for country girls, such as Georgiana, think nothing of a twenty miles' walk to Port Albert on market

days. Margaret was rather disgusted at her black sister's defection, and generally spoke of her scornfully as "Dat pore Georgiana dat shamed me so 'fore de missus."

To Georgiana I owe indirectly that Margaret's family history was first made known to me. If it sounds shocking to English ears, my excuse must be that this little sketch is from life, and would be valueless if not absolutely true, also—but this perhaps is immaterial—Margaret's is only a typical case among many thousands of our West Indian inhabitants.

"How can Georgiana be your sister, Margaret?" I asked after some meditation. "She is so much darker than you, and altogether so different."

"Yes, missus, course she different, 'cos her fader nearly black man. Miue quite white man, English dey say, or praps German. I once hear his name MacIennan, an' he lib up at Chester where he keep a great store.

"He quite rich man dey say, an' ob course he nebber look at pore ole mama, 'cos she black, if he could hab found any white woman dere, but mama den berry nice an' 'spectable girl, an' good cook too, an' she wash nicely as well, an' so he see her an' he took her to lib wid him as his house-keeper. Dat is what all de white gentlemen do here, missus, you know.

"Well, missus, pore ole mama quite young den, an' soon I born, an' when she see me come so fair she berry proud an' pleased, but den my fader die, an' course, 'cos she not his praper wife, she get noting ob his property, but de white people an' de lawyers were not too bad to pore ole mama, 'cos dey know she nice, quiet, 'spectable woman, an' so dey let her take de cow dat my fader buy her, an' gib her five pounds too for me.

"Den she sell dat cow, an' wid part ob de money she buy for me a little bit ob land. I hab it now, missus, an' it is tree acres. I pay tax on it, an' it bring me in a little eberry year, 'cos I let it to my step-fader. For I hab step-fader, 'cos a year later mama marry, really marry praperly dis time,



Mr. Duncan, my step-fader. He farm an' work my land an' what land she hab too. Dey hab den six black children, an' Georgiana is de eldest ob dem all. De folk 'bout say it great pity mama marry my step-fader, 'cos he so black, an' when I so fair a chile, mama might do better an' praps find anoder white man to lib wid same as my fader, but I no 'xactly see why, missus, 'cos he berry good man to poor ole mama, an' most 'spectable an' good too. Work hard also an' no drink rum." She looked reflective for a moment and then went on meditatively.

"Dey are, ob course, missus, all berry good to me, an' most pleased at seeing me so clear an' fair, but mama not like to see me lib 'long ob black people like dey all are, so since I lilly girl 'cos I such a nice, little, fair girl, she put me wid white ladies, an' dey all like me, an' learn me all dere ways. I like de white Buckra, missus. I like black folk too berry much, but I hate de colored, 'specially de light kind. Dey always bad an' de worst to de black people."

"But, Margaret, you are colored yourself and fair too?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, missus, I know dat, but it all de same. White are good. I know dey are God's chosen people. Black are good too in anoder way, but de colored are mostly vile, 'specially de rich colored people. Dey treat de black ones like dogs, much worse dan de real white Buckra for dat." And with this sweeping assertion Margaret leisurely left me and went to iron some clean pinafores for her little "missus baby."

Now Margaret, in the tidy new dresses and neat white caps, was fast turning into a pretty girl. Even to English eyes she was far from unattractive, while as to colored admirers I believe she could count them by the dozen, but she was really a respectable girl and kept them all at a distance.

Suddenly, however, she captivated what, according to the views of the other servant girls, was a real prize in the shape of an Englishman. He was the sailor-servant of a naval officer—

good for nothing enough, I dare say, but undeniably white, pure white, with no trace or suspicion of black blood in his veins, while to add to his advantages he possessed fair, straight hair and blue eyes.

He proposed to Margaret in due form, but meeting with no decided answer he next wrote her a formal offer of marriage, but to my utter surprise, and the horrified astonishment of all her relations and friends she refused him point blank.

For a colored girl to decline such an honor was indeed quite unheard of.

Her old Aunt Rosa, the washer-woman, black herself and with a character that in England would have been pronounced decidedly shaky, was genuinely shocked at such conduct.

"Oh, missus," she complained to me in a horrified voice, "Maggie fo' true must hab lose her sense. Certain sure, missus, she neber hab such a good chance again. To tink ob her not marrying a white man, a *real* white man, when he ask her. It makes me real vexed wid her. When her pore moder hab her so fair an' done all she could to improve her color, to tink she should be so 'ngrateful an' act so, an' all, missus, for such foolishness. 'Cho, I no hab patience wid her," and she stalked out of the house, carefully balancing a large bundle of linen on her head. She was positively trembling with virtuous indignation at her niece's folly and wrong-headedness.

Now, I have myself a strong personal prejudice against such marriages, and, moreover, I thought Margaret was wise in refusing the young man, but in face of such a storm of family wrath it was only fair to urge her to reflect well about the matter.

Margaret was very decided, however, on the subject.

"Dey all mad, missus, an' curse me 'cos I engage to a dark young man. He call Charles Francis, an' I know him all my life. He lib up at my home in St. Agnes, near pore old mama, an' he go to school wid me when he an' I picnics togebbber, an' he always berry nice boy and berry fond ob me," she

added simply. "He hab now a little shop up at Mount George, an' he so steady an' getting on so well, an' making money too. Last year he come home to see his moder. She berry nice brown woman, missus, an' he see me again, an' ask me to marry him, but mama an' all my family drefful vexed 'bout it, 'cos he so much darker dan me.

"Dey say, I ought to make myself high an' try for a fair man, but, missus" — with a smile and a flash of her shining eyes — "I like Charles, an' so I promise to marry him when he get 'nuff to build a house. But, missus, all my own people berry angry wid me, although at last mama consent, 'cos he doing so well wid his shop. Dat is why I come to Port Albert to get employment 'way from dem all, 'cos dey curse an' rough me so much 'bout him at home."

After this I heard much more about Margaret's poor little love-story, and the liking I had always had for the girl developed into genuine interest and affection.

She had, indeed, a good deal to put up with from her aspiring black family. From their own point of view they had some excuse, for in Margaret and her "clearness" lay their solitary claim to aristocracy, and on this fortunate fact, and the superior marriage that might be expected to result therefrom, all their hopes were pinned. If she married the dusky Charles, be he never so respectable and well-to-do, all their chance of rising came to an end.

One has heard, even at home, of much the same idea, only it is presented in a less crude form.

A cousin of Margaret's, then maid to a friend of mine, and herself a nearly black young lady, almost "cut" Margaret on this account, and Maggie's folly and "low taste" were the favorite themes for the gossip of all the swarthy damsels of the locality. The old women shook their heads as she passed by, and used her to point a moral with to the younger ones, but Margaret heeded nothing, and stuck to her point undaunted and undismayed.

I may remark, however, that she yielded sufficiently to popular opinion to explain to me at great length that her Charles was not altogether a black man.

Into the complicated mysteries of his tortuous descent I cannot enter here. The subtle brown and black distinctions therein involved bewilder me completely, but I know she ended her long history by saying: —

"So you see, missus, fo' true he not black. He course much darker dan I, but he a pretty broonette color, wid hair too, and when we marry I tink our children will be a nice light chocolate color. I like dat color, missus, so much. Do you?" For Margaret was, on certain subjects, artlessly frank in her speech, and from natural observation she had discovered for herself certain indisputable physiological facts.

"De light colored people, missus," she asserted dogmatically, "hab always such ugly little children, so sickly too, an' most always a bad yellah color. Course I tink a real white Buckra baby much de nicest of all, but after de real white baby, I b'lieve de light chocolate ones the nicest little tings. I no 'derstand de girls here at all. Dey tink more ob habing a fair chile den anything else. Den dey hab to work for it always, fo' true de fader, 'specially when he white or light colored, nebber help dem more dan he 'bliged, an' oftentimes go clar 'way an' you hyar noting more ob him," and Margaret shook her head at the iniquity of humanity in general and of light-colored mankind in particular.

The week afterwards, prompted, I have reason to believe, by some rumors that had reached her, Margaret's mother descended from the hills. It spoke volumes for the nice nature of the girl that she was genuinely pleased and happy at seeing her, and that she had no false shame in introducing the old negress to the household and to myself. "Missus," was her simple introduction, "pore ole mama is outside an' would like to see de missus."

And "pore ole mama," whose full title was Mrs. Dorothy Cowell, entered

smiling and nodding. She could not have been more than forty, but negroes age early, and so thin and wrinkled was she, that she looked a very old woman already.

She was dressed in her best clothes, in a clean yellow calico gown, sprigged with red. A gorgeous imitation gold, silver, and coral necklace of many rows encircled her withered neck, while a picturesque red-patterned kerchief was tied turban-fashion round her old head.

She had bright, cunning eyes and a nice manner. Her English, like that of all the country folk, was difficult to follow, for it was clipped and altered and mixed with many purely Creole words and expressions.

Her pride and joy in Margaret was, however, pretty to see. She was in a continual state of adoration before her treasured "white" child.

It was the mother's love intensified a hundredfold by the instinctive feeling of reverence to the white blood that ran in her veins.

"Oh, missus," she exclaimed ecstatically, as Margaret left the verandah to see after the baby, "is she not beautiful? She look so well an' fat too, an' missus, does she no look quite white in dose lubby English clothes? Tank you, missus, tank you, I hope you keep her wid you an' she stay altogebber down hyar."

She looked round to see if any one was listening, and then whispered mysteriously, "Fo' I no want, missus, Maggie to git merried yet at ahl. She young to be merried, an' I sure she could merry any one down hyar."

I told her how pleased I should be to keep her daughter, and how quiet and discreet she had been, and old Dorothy looked gratified, but when I proceeded to tell her of her English admirer her black eyes gleamed with suppressed excitement. I pointed out how sensibly Margaret had behaved, for he did not seem very steady, and the probable conclusion of the whole story would have been that he would have got tired of his West-Indian bride and deserted her after a time.

Old Dorothy looked wise. "Yes, missus; dare say he would. Dat regular Buckra trick we all know well 'nuff; but, oh! to tink dat a white man should ask my dater Margaret in real marriage." The mere thought of such glory was too much for the poor old thing, and she literally began to dance and caper from sheer delight until her glittering necklace jingled again.

"Missus," she exclaimed at last imploringly. "Pramise me, you try an' keep Maggie fram merrying at ahl jis yet. She so well hyar as she is, an' one nebber know what may come. 'Nebber trow 'way you stick till you git a top ob de hill.'"

I made no promise in response to this proverb, and a little later, after a long and apparently animated conversation with her daughter, old Dorothy departed.

"Pore ole mama!" remarked Margaret that afternoon. "It is I, missus, who real pore now, 'cos she smouch up all de money I put by to save for my wedding. She berry vexed wid me still 'bout Charles. She tell me all de folk say I hab no praper pride at all. She speak too, an' say she raise me by marrying white man, an' now I wish go an' 'grade her by marrying dark, but I no care, 'cos I like my Charles an' he like me. He write me letter eberry week, missus. He getting on so well, an' want to marry me soon now, but I tell him in my letter I no marry him till he hab a house for me ready, an' so he building me such a nice little wooden house, missus! an' he planted coffee an' chocolate trees too, an' dey do well an' thrive, an' by de time we married an' hab little children dey bring in plenty money," and Margaret smiled happily at the thought of the blissful little home that she already saw in her mind's eye.

We were all by this time enrolled among Margaret's sympathizers, and she used often to talk to me of her Charles—of his goodness to his old mother, and of the progress the little house was making. "Such a nice little house, he say, missus. He build it wid two rooms an' a parlor too, an' a nice

little piazza in front. Dere is a little kitchen close to de house too, an' water. An' de coffee is doing well an' he plant more chocolate an' all he does seem to be blessed an' de shop thrive, an' now, missus, I must hurry up an' save some money or else I go to him like an ole coco stump all in rags. I would hab plenty, but pore ole mama she forebber writing to me for more money, an' so she always nobble up all I get when I do save a little," and poor Margaret would look ready to cry as she considered her own poverty.

Gradually it became a settled habit that various trifling odds and ends should be laid aside for "Margaret's house." Everything she seemed to find a use for. Old children's garments, with admirable forethought, were gratefully received with the remark, "Dey do nicely for my pore babies, missus, for it berry cool up dere in de hills," for anent these probabilities Margaret had none of the shyness that is customary in England, and, indeed, such unknown bashfulness would have been deemed in this part of the world both ridiculous and unnecessary.

Charles wrote every week now.

He was growing impatient.

"Missus, Charles say de house quite finish now, but I tell him he must still get some furniture to put in it. No much, but jest a sideboard an' some pitchers an' plates. Better we buy it now dan later. 'Sides I no in such great hurry to marry. I lub Charles well, but all de ole people say 'Marriage hab teeth,' an' I tink so too. I happy wid you, so I wait, 'sides it good for Charles. He like all men, do he berry good, but dey tink more ob you if dey not find you too sweet." So Margaret waited still.

I did not want to lose her as a nurse, so I was pleased.

Christmas time came. Such a strange Christmas to northern eyes. The hill-sides and hedges were white, however, with flowering "Christmas Bush," a freak of nature, and one that makes many English hearts homesick by the associations it awakens.

"I no get Christmas letter from

Charles, missus," said Margaret to me one day. She looked a trifle anxious, although I had just given her her Christmas gift.

"I must marry him soon now, missus, 'cos he vexed last time 'cos I put my wedding off. I drefful sad at leabing you and de missus baby, but I must go now. Charles he so good an' wait so long. No many men would be so patient."

A week afterwards Aunt Rosa came with the washing. I saw her pass with the clean clothes from my verandah, and she waved a greeting and exchanged a few words to me on the way. Through the open door I could see her tall figure and stiff, starched skirts as she nodded and talked to Margaret in the inner room.

Suddenly I heard a gasp and a low cry. I looked up. Margaret had vanished. I went into the room. Aunt Rosa was counting the clothes alone. Several piles of clean little garments were neatly laid out on the bed.

"One — two — three — four — six dresses, missus," she repeated as I entered.

I looked at her. Her rugged black face was hard and stern.

"Where is Margaret?" I asked.

"Maggie jest gone out. She no feel well, missus."

"What is wrong with her? She was all right until you came."

"I tell Maggie ob a friend's death, an' she vexed 'bout it. She all right soon, missus."

"Who is it, Rosa?" A presentiment of evil rose in my mind.

"Only de young man she engage to, missus. He dead fortnight since."

There was a ring of suppressed triumph in Rosa's voice.

I waited no more, but was on the outer verandah where Margaret was in an instant.

She was crouching by the doorway.

She looked up when I touched her.

Her poor brown face looked grey and drawn, and her whole frame was shaken by great, tearless sobs.

"Oh, missus, it my Charles! He dead an' I no know it all dis time!

Rosa an' ebrybody know it dese last ten days! Oh, missus, my heart is pierced, such a sad distress has nebber come near me before!"

It was piteous to see her. Her eyes looked like some poor dumb animal in pain. We begged Aunt Rosa to tell us what more she knew, and she relented sufficiently to give us a few details in her most dogged manner.

The news was true enough. No need to tell Margaret before, she maintained: "Better to wait till he buried." Charles had died suddenly after a day or two's illness, and "Maggie had best no' fret 'bout it, 'cos it ober an' done wid now." And with that she left us.

Rosa's unsympathizing demeanor exasperated me beyond measure, but poor Margaret took it as a matter of course.

"Dey all pleased, 'cos dey nebber wish me to marry to him," she said with quiet resignation.

Very sad it was to watch the girl that day. She said little or nothing, but, carrying her little missus in her arms, walked up and down the room unceasingly.

"Oh, little missus, my heart is pierced! Oh, my love! my Charles! an' you were dead an' lying in your grave when I laugh an' talk! Oh, missus, missus, what shall I do? What can I do?" she broke out at last. It was the helpless shriek of a creature in agony.

I did what I could to soothe her, but she was past my help, and later on I could do nothing but sit beside her with tears in my own eyes, for, as the shadows of evening deepened into night, the old forgotten African beliefs and fears took hold on her, and, sadder still, the terrors of hell for him that she loved overshadowed her.

"Oh, missus!" she moaned, "do you tink it *must* be? I know he good and steady, but he no tink ob death, an' he no prepared. Oh, my love! my love! while I sit here you may be in hell an' in agony." Her voice rose to a tortured cry. "Oh, my love, what would I not do to bear it with you?"

It was heart-breaking to hear her.

That night was one of unutterable misery to her, at least, if not also to me. She begged me to let the door of her room, which adjoined mine, be open, for she was not altogether above the fear that the "duppy" of her poor Charles might come for her.

Such superstitions are too deeply ingrained to be disregarded.

I went to look at her several times.

She lay huddled together in a heap, her head bound up as is habitual to colored women at night, as wretched a piece of humanity as could well be found anywhere.

Her altered appearance next day showed her sufferings. To console her was impossible, but I let her talk, for it seemed to comfort her somewhat, and again and again she told me of all Charles had done, and all they meant to have done in the little home that now never would be hers.

Now the little house would be sold without her ever having seen it. Everything would have to go.

"But since he gone, de rest can go too, no matter now."

It was only a tiny wooden shanty, but it had been their castle in the air, and poor Margaret sat crushed and broken among its ruins.

I saw she would never rest until she heard more about her sweetheart's end, and, further, of the story, Aunt Rosa would not or could not tell.

"Margaret," I said gently, "will you go home?" A gleam came into her poor tired eyes.

"Yes, missus, but you no can spare me, an' — may I come back?"

"Yes, Margaret, we will spare you, and you must come back soon." And so she went. Her preparations were simple enough. She left us at dusk, for she had to take the boat at early dawn and to coast along the island for a day. I gave her some trifles to take to her mother. She thanked me for them, but her face hardly changed.

A ghost of a smile hovered, however, for a second on her lips as I handed her a bunch of old artificial poppies. Artificial flowers are the diamonds of the negress.



"Oh, missus!" she faltered, "if my Charles no dead I would wear dem. Dey beautiful. Now I no care, an' I tink I always wear black." She had contrived during the day to put away all her gay colors and to wear some semblance of mourning. It was quite a relief when she left, for it is well-nigh as hard to look at misery as happiness "through another man's eyes."

A week later, and with the morning's light she was back again.

She looked faint and worn. She had walked all the way across the island that night—some thirty miles:

She was so exhausted physically, she could hardly speak, and after she had eaten something she slept more than eight hours without stirring. When she woke up she was her usual self. Her grief had worn itself out with her fatigue.

She told me about Charles and his death.

"He asked for me, missus, de last ting, an' his moder show me his grave. I nebber forget him, missus, but I strive an' grieve for him no more."

And as the days went by, I saw that her words were true. One Sunday she appeared with the poppies in her black hat.

"Dey so pretty, missus, I sure Charles no mind if he could see me in dem," she observed apologetically as she passed me.

I was very glad, for I knew then that Margaret was herself again and that the wound was healing.

Creoles who knew the story said that probably Margaret's family had used "Obeah" on Charles. It was possible enough from the facts, but I am happy to say the idea had never struck the girl herself.

Some things are not good even to think of.

So far I had written when Margaret herself entered, bright and cheerful, with blue ribbons in her cap.

"Missus, I got a new bow!"

"Yes, Maggie, I see—a dark blue one," I said, as I looked up from my writing.

"No, missus, not dat kind, but a new lover. He fairer even dan I, an' he say he lub me true, an' make me offer ob marriage, but I do not know yet."

There was an almost imperceptible pause.

"Yes, missus—I no lub him like my pore Charles, but Charles—he dead—an'—so—I—must find anoder sweetheart, an' dis one seem to be a pretty good one—so—I—tink—I—say—him—yes."

I am afraid this spoils whatever romance may have been associated with Margaret, but it is so characteristic that I feel bound to leave it as it really happened.

Although she so soon recovered from her poor sweetheart's loss, her misery and pain were none the less bitter while they lasted.

Such things are questions of temperament. Remember also, that, although her father was a white man, she, in common with all her kind, is none the less the true daughter of her mother.

THE AUTHOR OF

"A STUDY IN COLOR."

From Temple Bar.

#### A WEST-END PHYSICIAN.

THE postmaster-general of the Austro-Lombard provinces, resident in Milan towards the close of last century, was Carlo Bozzi, belonging to an Italian family of antiquity and distinction, and fifth in descent from Bartolomeo Bozzi, or Bosius, poet, physician, and friend of St. Charles Borromeo.

Carlo Bozzi, who retained his appointment for sixty years, under the Austrian archdukes and the subsequent republican government, was himself "a noticeable man." He had sufficient strength of character to resist the vagaries of fashion, even when fashion was backed by political significance. He wore hair powder to the last, and persevered ("I think he must have been unique in that respect," says his son) in wearing silk stockings and shoe-buckles throughout all the revolution-



ary changes in Italy, when every one hastened to adopt either republican or military attire, and hair powder and silk stockings exposed the wearer to the dangerous suspicion of royalist sympathies. Up to the day of his death at eighty-eight his teeth were perfect, and he had neither grey hairs nor wrinkles.

Carlo Bozzi married Maria Antonietta, daughter of the Chevalier Rapazzini, and his wife Rosa, whose father, Bevil Granville, was a Cornishman of some note, expatriated in consequence of the share he had taken in the political disturbances of the eighteenth century.<sup>1</sup> Their third son, Augustus, born in 1783, had a chequered and adventurous life, though it opened with pastoral pleasantness in the farm of his foster-parents, on the hills of Brianza, "the garden of Lombardy."

The most vivid impression left by his early school days in Castoldi's academy was of being ordered to read aloud a detailed account of the execution of Louis XVI. from the *Gazzetta di Lugano*; over this task the young reader shed many tears, for which he was much laughed at by his less sensitive schoolfellows. But one effect of the impression made on him by the tragic story was to lay the foundation of a taste for the study of history, which thenceforward became the boy's favorite pursuit.

In the Lycæum of S. Alessandro, Milan (which he compares to St. Paul's School), Augustus Bozzi was taught the rudiments of mechanical philosophy and chemistry, and first imbibed the love for experimental science which so largely influenced his after career. When removed to the Collegio di Merate, he received *il primo premio di poesia*, accompanied, however, by a report from the rector, which some-

what lessened the gratification of his parents. For his own part, he evidently feels some just pride in recording that he was accounted a firebrand, possessing a restless disposition and a contumacious spirit, and manifesting revolutionary tendencies as regarded the discipline of the school. This being Augustus Bozzi's youthful character, the fascinated interest with which he observed General Bonaparte's entry into Milan can be easily understood. It is to be regretted that his recollections were not expanded into a narrative from his note-book until he had attained his eighty-eighth year, when memory had probably let slip much that would have been worthy of a record. But in this particular instance the impression left was, he says, as vivid at the moment of writing as on that when it was first received.

He describes the general as —

An under-sized man, with a lank, sallow face, rather compressed than meagre, or, as he himself used to say, "J'étais un vrai parchemin;" with sparkling eyes, overshadowed by straight, black hair, which, descending over a large forehead, came down the sides of the head and touched the shoulders. A grey overcoat covered a double-breasted uniform edged with gold embroidery, and buttoned up to the chin. His sword was in its scabbard, not carried in the right hand, as was the case with all who followed him. Riding a white horse, that seemed nearly exhausted with fatigue, he came at an easy pace through the Porta Romana, towards the archiepiscopal palace, in which he was to take up his residence, and in the vicinity of which we lived. He was followed by his tattered infantry battalions, the heroes of Monte Notte, Milsima, and Lodi, looking very much like the tatterdemalions Falstaff refused to lead through Coventry. Reviewing them shortly after — "Soldats," said Bonaparte, "vous êtes nus, mal nourris; on nous doit beaucoup." And soon were these famished and weary soldiers fed, newly equipped, and officered by men who, as they defiled past us in the Piazza del Duomo, were pointed out as Massena, Augereau, Berthier, Lannes, Victor, and the young aide-de-camp at the battle of Mondovi. Murat, destined to become the commander-in-chief's brother-in-law, gov-

<sup>1</sup> "My mother," says Dr. Granville, "had received an education of the most cultivated kind, including a knowledge of Latin, which enabled her to direct her three boys in their early exercises. She had read much herself, and possessed the art of applying the varied information thus acquired. Two years before the Revolution she had the honor of being appointed reader to the reigning Archduchess of Austria." (Autobiography, etc., p. 6.)

ernor of Milan, and lastly king of Naples, the son of an innkeeper, who, when led to execution as a deposed king, exclaimed, "Malheureux Prince!"

So infected with the republican spirit were the young collegians who witnessed this scene, that they rose in a body, with Augustus Bozzi as their leader, planted a tree of liberty in the playground of the college, sang a patriotic ode written by their chief, and swore allegiance to the new government, and resistance to all the old forms of control. This revolt became so serious that Count Porro, the minister of police, was summoned by the clerical heads of the college to arbitrate between them and the young rebels, which he did by promising the latter, in a very complimentary speech, the uniform on which they had set their hearts, and such alterations in their hours of study and recreation as they were pleased to demand.

When the time came for Augustus Bozzi to choose a profession, it was hard to say which possessed the greatest attraction for a youth so versatile. As a schoolboy he was nearly frightened into the priesthood by a terrific thunderstorm, in which lightning struck the bells of the chapel of Merate during service, killed one of his fellow-pupils, and temporarily blinded Augustus himself. But the French occupation put all pious aspirations to flight, and for a time "*La Système de la Nature*," which he describes as a sort of handbook of atheism, superseded the books of devotion, his knowledge of which had earned him the title of *il prete della famiglia*. Then he studied architecture in the Brera, with some idea of entering the office of his distinguished cousin, Pietro Pestagalli. Next he became a pupil of the composer Zingarelli, producing under his tuition a few waltzes, contre-dances, and canzonettes. Portrait-painting under Signora Corneo was the next hobby, resulting apparently in a pronounced flirtation between the fair artist and her precocious pupil, whose *chef-d'œuvre* was a study of the signora's own beautiful head, which he carried with him all through his

wanderings, till it went to the bottom of the sea, with his other possessions, many years later.

So far, Signor Carlo Bozzi had patiently permitted all these experiments in developing the various talents with which nature had endowed his son. But the state of the family finances rendered it desirable that some decision should be arrived at. The profits from Signor Bozzi's farms near Lodi and Parma, "where rice, maize, and corn were grown, cheese was made, and silkworms were reared," fluctuated and were precarious; the savings destined to furnish dowries for his daughters, and placed in the bank at Genoa, had been pocketed by the French generals, when they overthrew the old Genoese Republic; the official income only sufficed to provide handsomely for the current needs of a family of seven children; an old friend, Doctor Rasori, rector of the University of Pavia, took the matter in hand, and decided that Augustus must become a physician.

Professor Rasori, being commissioned by the Italian government to investigate the causes and symptoms of an epidemic then raging at Genoa, carried his young *protégé* with him as medical secretary; and in that city Augustus made the acquaintance of Ugo Foscolo, who with Monti and other Italian patriots afterwards famous joined the amateur theatrical society called the *Filodrammatici* in performing Alfieri's tragedies. The theatre, called the *Teatro Filodrammatico*, had formerly been a church, bought from the republican government. The performances were gratuitous, admission being by invitation only; and their crowning attraction was the Juno-like beauty and splendid acting of the Signora Monti, "to whose histrionic celebrity Madame Ristori alone in modern times has approached." Augustus Bozzi, who was also a prominent member of the company, became so absorbed in his dramatic studies as to almost abandon his medical ones, and to occasion much anxiety at home. The persuasions of his mother and sisters, however, seconded by those of a beautiful amateur

actress, Signora Gavazzi (mother of Father Gavazzi, whose oratory in later years thrilled even London audiences, unable to interpret his words except by the eloquence of look, tone, and gesture), induced him to resume his collegiate course, and for a time all went well. But the political atmosphere was charged with tempest, and Augustus was not of a disposition to resist the influence of so much external disturbance. While General Bonaparte was in Egypt, the Austrians, aided by Suwarrow and his semi-savage legions of Cossacks and Calmucks, regained possession of the capital of Lombardy, and, boy though he still was, young Bozzi soon made himself obnoxious to the authorities.

I was a mere youth in 1799 [he says] little more than sixteen years of age, when I entered as an undergraduate in the University of Pavia, a scholar in the Collegio Borromeo. Rather tall, with hair cut à la Brutus, affecting the republican dress, and with an independent spirit, the part I had taken in all the patriotic demonstrations at our public schools, together with the freedom I used in expressing my sentiments after the return of the Austrian troops to Milan, rendered me an object of suspicion to the restored government. . . . My juvenile antecedents marked me out for an early display of Austro-Milanese political interference, and the opportunity was not long wanting. One afternoon a few priests in white surplices, conveying the Host from one of the churches, drew near me in the Piazza del Duomo. . . . As the procession passed me, I believe I omitted to take off my hat, and never bowed or bent my knees. Instantly I was seized by a commissary of police and two of his agents, who took me at once to the nearest police magistrate. . . . I was the same evening committed to the state prison, established within the walls of a suppressed convent, called S. Antonio. Well do I recollect the agony of feeling I experienced on being locked up in a monk's cell, at the anxiety which I knew my parents would feel; I asked permission to write home, but the favor was not granted.<sup>1</sup>

This imprisonment — shared by many

distinguished members of the republican party — was not severe, and was speedily terminated, on condition that Augustus should spend a fortnight in the convent of the Capuchin Friars, to which he was taken one evening in a carriage by two inspectors of police. He was placed in a cell with a young novice, destined to share the religious instructions of the prior, and qualified to more than counteract them by his conversation, being an atheistic profligate, who secretly ridiculed all the observances to which he outwardly conformed.

The beauty of the music heard in the convent, and the picturesqueness of the midnight services, at which a brilliantly illuminated altar shone through the surrounding gloom, appealed to the artistic sympathies of young Bozzi, but had no other result.

The three weeks spent in confinement, partly political, partly religious, produced an effect on my mind very different from what was expected. It did not make me love religion more, it did not make me hate Austrian rule less, but it made me at once sensible of the fact that the great men I had met in my captivity in S. Antonio could boast of talent and ability to which I could make no claim. I felt humbled, and resolved to adhere strictly to my medical and scientific studies.

This determination was strengthened by the fame of the university to which he returned, and the great promise shown by many of his fellow-students, one of whom was the future poet and novelist, Manzoni. From many interesting sketches of the great teachers who at that time made Pavia so world-renowned, and of the discoveries to which their investigations led, we cannot resist quoting one bearing on the dawn of that science which is now perhaps the most fascinating in its phenomena and of the widest utility in its application: —

I have had the good fortune of hearing Sir Humphry Davy, Gay-Lussac, Biot, Faraday, and Tyndall discourse on electricity; I have witnessed the decomposition of the alkaline salts and oxides by the same agency, the creation of the terrestrial

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography of A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S., etc. Edited by Paulina B. Granville. King & Co., 1874. Vol. I., p. 35.

and maritime telegraphs through the same power . . . but how shall I describe the feeling which, in common with my fellow-students in the class of experimental philosophy at Pavia, I experienced on the day when the immortal Volta in our presence called into existence this mighty power! He first placed (explaining as he proceeded the order and the reason of it) two round pieces of dissimilar metal in contact, and upon them a paper moistened in salt water. Then, having repeated this pairing of the metals, one on top of the other (secured between slender glass rods) to the number of one hundred couples, he on the instant showed us and made us feel the electric spark! It was not then the fashion in Italy to express admiration by the clapping of hands at a successful scientific experiment, so no such demonstration took place. But had that fashion prevailed at Pavia as it does at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, we were so lost in wonderment that no such noisy demonstration was likely to have suggested itself. Ours was fascination.

He goes on to describe how all the leisure and the pocket-money of the students were thenceforward devoted to experimenting in voltaic electricity, and how the fame of the discovery drew professors and pupils from Padua, Pisa, and Bologna, among the latter Galvani with his frog experiments. Volta, he continues, "became an idol . . . his simplicity of character, suavity of manners, correctness and lucidity of diction combined with an imposing appearance, distinguished him from the rest of our learned *docentes*;" and he is indignant with Sir Humphry Davy's reported ascription to Volta of "a mean and rustic appearance."

In 1802, when nineteen years old, Augustus Bozzi received his diploma of doctor of medicine, and was hailed as a prodigy of learning when he arrived at home. After a brief sojourn there, during which he studied surgery at L'Ospital Maggiore, and presumed to attempt the part of poetical mediator in a versified duel then going on between Monti and Lattanzi, young Bozzi resolved to leave Milan in order to escape the conscription, and see the world. Fearing the opposition of his

mother, he affected to contemplate only a few days' visit to his old professors at Pavia; and having obtained a passport through the intervention of an uncle, and a small sum of money from an aunt, he quitted his native city.

At Genoa I was sure of good quarters and a hearty welcome. My uncle, a successful whaler, was a single man and absorbed in business. His hardy mariners after eighteen months' absence would return home with prodigious cargoes of oil. His men were looked upon as the most prosperous, as they were also the hardiest, of the northern navigators carrying the Genoese flag. This good gentleman at once proposed to appoint me supercargo to one of his ships trading along the coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal to distribute supplies of oil.

But young Bozzi thought his accomplishments and previous training would be somewhat thrown away in such a calling, and explained to his uncle that the chief object of his visit was to escape the conscription, from which, under the Genoese flag, he considered himself safe. "Not quite sure of that, my good boy!" cried his uncle. "The French rule here as they do at Milan;" and he added a warning to keep quiet if he wished to escape detection. "But how," inquires the autobiographer, with artless vanity, "could a young fellow playing the guitar, possessing a fine tenor voice, with his head full of the latest canzonettes, resist the temptation of joining a party to serenade La bella Pallavicini—a marchesa, a toast, and my townswoman?"

The beauty recognized the tenor and renewed her acquaintance with him, and a period of social gaiety followed, but he soon learnt that inquiries were being made for a conscript whose name had been placed in the urn for an approaching ballot. He knew that he was the missing youth. Murat was then commandant de place in Milan, and there would be no trifling with him if the runaway were caught; so the question became, how to get safely out of republican territory without a passport, which could not have been obtained in Bozzi's own name.

A bright idea occurred to the young man. A popular company of comedians, then playing successfully in Genoa, was about to proceed to Venice; Bozzi summoned his experiences with the *Filodrammatici* to his aid, and asked for an engagement. Fortunately for him, the *secondo amoroso* was ill, and the manager took Bozzi in his place, the chief stipulation being that he should appear "dressed like a gentleman." The passport required in this case was a general one for the company, and occasioned no difficulty, and Bozzi was enrolled as "Signor Augustini," by a slight manipulation of his Christian name.

How well do I remember [he writes] the curious ark into which I entered as it lay opposite the city of Piacenza, below the bridge of boats, with a motley and merry company of ladies and gentlemen, attended by servants of every capacity and status. Of Papagalli and Bolognese pugs there were several; a cembalo and a harp, with a violin or two and a clarinet, were also shipped. The vessel was an immense flat-bottomed boat decked over two-thirds of her length, but without any division whatever between decks from stem to stern. The deck had the form of a wagon top, and served only for the capitano and boatmen to walk over, sometimes rowing, sometimes pushing the boat with long poles, and at other times spreading out a lateen sail to help us on.

During their tedious progress some of the company read aloud and recited to beguile the time; and the latest recruit made such a sensation by his tender and spirited rendering of the story of Francesca da Rimini from the "Inferno," that the manager hoped great things from his public appearance. Proportionate, therefore, was his disappointment and wrath when, on arriving at Venice, "Signor Augustini" flatly refused to accept any character, and he very naturally cited the recalcitrant to appear before the imperial Austrian commissioner of police for breach of contract. All the members of the company went by turns to Signor Augustini's lodgings to entreat him to reconsider the matter and avert legal

proceedings—in vain. Plaintiff and defendant appeared before the imperial commissioner, in whom the latter recognized his own elder brother! Full explanations followed, young Bozzi apologized to the indignant *impresario* for the ruse of which he had been made the victim, refunded the money advanced by him as salary, and the affair ended amicably.

Some pleasant days were then spent in becoming acquainted with the famous places and people of Venice. At the *Atenio*, of which he was made a corresponding member, Bozzi was the first to exhibit Volta's experiments. Venetian society, presided over by the Contessa Albrizzi, a friend of Canova and Alfieri, was then very fascinating; and the opera, in which Mrs. Billington and Grassini were singing, had great charms for such a music lover as Bozzi. But he was anxious to see more of the world, refused a consulsip in the Levant, and accepting a modest outfit from his brother and some letters of introduction from other friends, he embarked in a polacca for Ragusa, whence he proceeded to Cephalonia, to visit a Greek merchant known to his brother. Here Bozzi studied modern Greek and practised a little as a doctor, apparently with success.

In 1803 Bozzi was at Corfu, where his voice and his guitar were again made welcome in all the houses most famous for social reunions. At Count Foresti's he met Mr. Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> then

<sup>1</sup> William Richard Hamilton, famous for his scholarship and his travels, and called "the patriarch of classical art." By authority of an imperial firman from the Porte he superintended the removal of the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon, and was shipwrecked with them off Cerigo, in the Mentor. But for his energy and determination they would probably have been lost forever. Immediately he landed he engaged several thousand peasants, and kept them at work in gangs until they succeeded in raising the ship and rescuing its invaluable freight. Bozzi emphatically asserts that the much-abused vandalism of Lord Elgin in appropriating the sculpture was in reality the only means of preserving it (the Turks were grinding up some of the most beautiful fragments to make mortar). "I myself," he writes, "witnessed the wilful destruction of some of the yet existing metopes on the Parthenon. This was effected by the djarrid being thrown at them by mounted Turks, the effect of which was to bring down frag-



secretary to Lord Elgin. Interested by the young Italian's vivacity and acquirements as a linguist, and learning from Count Mocenigo that he had some idea of establishing himself in Constantinople as a medical practitioner, Mr. Hamilton, after a short acquaintance, offered to take him to that city to which he was about himself to return, as physician to the English Embassy. This was too flattering a proposal to be rejected, especially as Bozzi's sanguine spirit saw infinite possibilities of future advancement connected with it. The party started from Corfu on horseback, and the early stages of the journey were like a prolonged picnic, the chief item in their meals being a slice or two of mutton, broiled before the blazing branch of a tree felled for the purpose.

Mr. Hamilton included Janina in his route to gratify the curiosity of the newly appointed physician, and he was extremely interested by the floating islands, formed of the roots of reeds, on the lake at the foot of the Metzikili Mountains.<sup>1</sup> Though only a cubit thick, and undulating like a thin sheet of ice with the weight of but one person, they supported men and cattle; some bore large trees, and when put in motion by the wind the fishermen and their families assembled on them for amusement. The largest island was occasionally used as a ferry, and belonged to a family appropriately named Charon.

Ali Pasha summoned Mr. Hamilton and his party to a strictly private and unceremonious interview, at which he expressed great dislike of the French, but much admiration for Bonaparte, to whom he compared himself and his fortunes.

Never did Nature stamp with a more striking or truthful hand on the face of man the character of a ferocious voluptuary than she did on that of Ali Pasha, nor give to the rest of his person features more com-

ments of a leg or an arm of one of the Centaurs, to the clamorous joy of the lookers-on, who would exclaim, 'Wonderful!' or 'Thanks to God!' as if they had been witnessing a pious act."

<sup>1</sup> Bozzi complains that up to his time no English traveller had thought these curious islands worthy of mention.

formable with that character. Under a forehead of brass, inscribed with harshness and obstinacy, were piercing eyes flashing fire at times, and anon darting scorn with the accompanying curl of the lip. Presently, those same eyes would assume an insidious look of meekness, calculated to deceive. . . . On collecting all that one hears about him and carefully weighing the real and the fabulous, we obtain a pretty striking representation of a monster.<sup>2</sup>

This interesting person sent for young Bozzi professionally a day or two after his presentation, and was so delighted with his successful treatment of himself and a delicate little daughter of whom he was fond, as to offer him the dangerous honor of the appointment of Hekim Bashi, with ten thousand piastres a year, and apartments in the palace. Bozzi pleaded the impossibility of breaking his engagement with Lord Elgin, and Mr. Hamilton on hearing of the proposal advised instant departure from Janina. They had not got far on their journey, however, before they were overtaken by an armed messenger requiring Bozzi to be at once given up, on the ground that he had accepted the post of Hekim Bashi, and could not be allowed to leave the vezir's dominions. Mr. Hamilton flatly refused the demand, without even going through the form of consulting the physician, and the emissary was finally frightened away by a grand flourish with the sultan's firman.

At Athens Mr. Hamilton was seized with *Bæotian fever*, of which Bozzi himself fell ill as soon as his patient recovered. Meantime, Mr. Hamilton was summoned to England, having been appointed private secretary to the Earl of Harrowby, and Bozzi, when convalescent, went on to Constantino-

<sup>2</sup> "At the outset of his career Ali murdered his brother, and throughout his life committed many acts of the grossest cruelty. His wealth was fabulous. . . . When the cup of his iniquities was full and he was summoned by Sultan Mahmoud to give an account of his misrule, he raised the standard of revolt among Turks, Albanians, and Greeks. . . . His struggle with Omar Brione was long and severe. At length, driven into a single kiosk of his fortified palace across the lake, "the lion" fell, pierced with many bullets, in February, 1822. Dying at last as would a furious tiger driven by eager hunters to its lair."

ple alone. Being still weak when he landed there, two *hamals* took him under the arms and half carried him up the steep lane leading to the English Embassy. Here apartments had been prepared for the young physician, but he only occupied them a very short time. He fell ill on the night of his arrival, and on the third day developed symptoms of plague, which he must have caught from the *hamals*. He at once asked to be removed to the Galata Hospital, and being treated by Dr. Gobbes (in consultation with himself !) recovered from a very serious attack.

As usual, Bozzi made a professional study of his own malady, and of the disease as it affected others, and found his residence in the hospital very favorable to investigation. He did not feel authorized or disposed to return to the Embassy, and we hear no more of Lord Elgin. The post entered upon next was that of physician in a wealthy Greek household, where the beauty of the daughter, the grace and luxury of the life, and the incredible superstition and ignorance of the whole family, compose a chapter of romance. Bozzi soon tired of so much monotonous comfort, and by aid of some of the influential friends whom he had the knack of making, in whatever quarter of the globe he might find himself, was nominated second physician to the Ottoman fleet, and an officer of the staff of the *Kiaya Bey*, or minister of the interior, on board the vice-admiral's eighty-four gun ship.

With my firman [he says] I received the *kalpac* of my rank, a lofty cap divided vertically into two parts at the top, covered with fine black sable, the division lined with scarlet cloth, and a scarlet cockade fixed to it bearing the crescent embroidered in gold. I also received a cloak of dark cloth trimmed with sable, with large, long sleeves ; the rest of the garments included the wide white muslin shawl rolled round the waist, ample red trousers and yellow morocco *papouches* that constitute a regular Turkish costume. Thus rigged, the Milanese, converted at twenty-one from a Western military conscript to an Oriental naval officer, was seen to stride about the streets of Pera, feeling embarrassed at

every step, leaving his *papouches* behind him, and having to go back and pick them up again and again, heated by the *kalpac*, that would keep tottering backwards and forwards, and compelled to stop to rearrange the shawl, that got looser and looser as he advanced. I did not feel more awkward when, as the *Appius* of Alfieri, I wore the Roman toga at the Teatro Filodrammatico exactly two years before.

The Turkish fleet was bound for its annual tax-collecting cruise to the Greek Islands and tributary coasts, and a conflict was anticipated with the sanguinary despot Djeddar Pasha, known as "The Butcher," then in revolt against the Porte at St. Jean d'Acre. The Turkish admiral had as little regard for human life as "The Butcher" himself, and such opponents were not likely to negotiate peaceably. After some preliminary formalities, a siege was opened by sea and land, the fleet maintaining a blockade from Garrim at the north and Jabel Carmel at the south. Negotiations being renewed for a time, and the sailors in perfect health, the navigating captain and Dr. Bozzi obtained leave to make a short visit to the Holy Land. At Jaffa they were received by the English consul, Signor Damiani, who told them that when Bonaparte halted at Jaffa three years before, he was consulted as to a guide to St. Jean d'Acre, and the general was so well satisfied with the information Damiani gave him that he insisted on his accepting the office himself. "I represented that my official position forbade my doing so, but Bonaparte would accept no excuse, and so the French *corps d'armée* on its way to attack Sir Sidney Smith was actually marshalled to its destination by an English consul." The sting of the matter, to Damiani, seems to have been that "*Mille grazie* was all he got for his pains."

Acre surrendered soon after the travellers rejoined the fleet, and Djeddar Pasha died of "want of breath," a complaint not infrequent amongst Turkish officials when affairs went wrong. After a visit to Rhodes, Dr. Bozzi obtained his firman of discharge,

and a testimonial from the Capudan pasha, with such ample remuneration that he felt justified in continuing his travels for a time merely for amusement. At Smyrna he invested some of his capital in the cargo of a large polacca about to sail for Malaga, and himself embarked as supercargo. Always on the alert to increase his store of knowledge, he took this opportunity of studying navigation and the use of the quadrant.

At Malaga the medical supercargo as usual became a favorite in society, where his good looks, good manners, Venetian barcarolles and Greek romanzas were in great request. He studied the guitar under Sör, and soon employed it, as skilfully as one to the manner born, in serenading the Andalusian ladies, of whose beauty he speaks rapturously. He seems, indeed, to have been a most impressionable person, and although he hints that hopeless love—either on his side or the lady's—hurried him away from his Greek friends at Terapia, he was certainly soon consoled. No one could have acted more consistently on Moore's philosophic axiom that—

When we are far from the eyes that we love

We have but to make love to the eyes we are near.

Professional practice, again, went hand in hand with social popularity, and Bozzi soon became so well known as a successful doctor that he was asked to form one of a commission to inquire into the origin and treatment of an epidemic of yellow fever raging in Malaga. Having noticed that such of the inhabitants as went to their country residences before sunset escaped infection, while those who left the country to sleep in town invariably fell victims to the malady, he recommended that bonfires of green wood should be lit every evening at each end of the streets, and the death-rate diminished noticeably directly the measure was adopted.

In the course of his excursions in the neighborhood of Malaga, Bozzi arrived

at Gibraltar just in time to hear the booming of the guns of Trafalgar, mingling with a terrific thunderstorm, and to see the San Ildefonso and four other vessels towed into the harbor as prisoners.

From Malaga he wished to proceed to Madrid, but the unsettled state of the country made it a puzzling question how to do so safely. At last he was advised to buy a mule and join a caravan of *arrieros* or carriers—"trusty men, robust, agile, and good-natured; always laughing and singing, and on the best terms with the *contrabandistas*." He contracted with the leader of the muleteers for board, while as to lodging "I had to sleep, like many of my fellow-travellers, stretched on my face over the back of my docile animal, occasionally embracing its stiff neck and suffering my legs to dangle behind. I had no saddle, but a thick, square pillow stuffed with hay, and an ordinary bridle." Saddle-bags, gaily embroidered by one of his fair Andalusian friends, contained all his travelling requisites.

After three weeks of this peculiar mode of travelling Madrid was reached, and "Don Manuel Godoi, the lucky dragoon, now Principe de la Paz, absolute ruler, and the star to whom all bowed in adoration and submission," gave Dr. Bozzi a very gracious reception. Don Manuel was interested in the Pestalozzian system, which he had just introduced into Spain, and having heard that Dr. Bozzi's education had been partly conducted on that method, had many questions to ask him, and the prince also paid him compliments on his medical successes at Malaga.

While denouncing the unspeakable social and political corruption of Spain at this time, and the despicable intrigues through which Godoi had risen to power, Dr. Bozzi says:—

Spanish literature and literary institutions owed to the prince their continued existence in the midst of the disordered state of the country, for in proportion as Don Manuel himself had in his youth been unprovided by nature or education with the love of learning, so did he strive to

make up for his own deficiencies by coming in contact with his superiors in intellect. He was, above all, desirous of receiving all learned foreigners well.

The associations which gather round the title hardly prepare us to find that one of the gentlest mannered and most charming persons whose acquaintance Dr. Bozzi made in Madrid was the grand inquisitor, a handsome-looking prelate of fifty; his office, however, was then little more than nominal. Although so well received at the palace, Dr. Bozzi also frequented the *salon* of the Prince of the Asturias, "who at the age of eighteen, had wedded a young Neapolitan princess whose feeble health soon removed her from a scene she could neither comprehend nor take a part in. This house of reunion was more a *foyer* of political intrigue than an assembly of distinguished men." Gallic sympathies were strong there, and one cannot wonder that any policy, any country which threatened the power of Godol should have been acceptable to the young prince.

Whilst freely sharing in the ordinary social life of Madrid—then dazzling with the lurid brilliance attending certain forms of corruption and decay—frequencing the splendid assemblies of the Condesa de Villaviciosa, "the solitary example in Madrid of a lady of letters;" robbed, and narrowly escaped being assassinated by the bands of marauders who made the capital as unsafe in broad day as in dark night; overwhelmed with horror and disgust at the brutal bull-fights, which no amount of ridicule from his friends could compel him even to affect to witness with equanimity; and studying art in the magnificent collection of pictures—Dr. Bozzi received news of the death of his beloved mother. The letters containing this intelligence reiterated a wish expressed by her whilst her son was at Athens with Mr. Hamilton that he would add to his paternal name that of her own maternal ancestors, the Granvilles.

This wish I proceeded to carry out at once, by presenting myself with both letters at the French Chancellerie, where I

communicated with the Marquis de Beaumarnais, French ambassador in Madrid, and equally representing the Italian Republic. As a subject of the latter it was considered perfectly regular that a record should be made of the letters, the wish to which they referred, and my resolution to act upon it of my own free will, there existing no impediment in the Italian code which prevented any citizen from assuming the name of a relative in connection with his own.

Probably this change of name, in conjunction with the interest he had always felt in English medical schools and medical men, influenced the next important step in the chequered career of Dr. Granville, as he must henceforth be called. He arrived at Lisbon, intending to enter the Portuguese navy, and join an expedition to the Brazils; but an uncontrollable melancholy and dissatisfaction took possession of him on learning that such an appointment was at his disposal; the state of the Brazilian colonies was unsatisfactory; an English fleet was lying at the mouth of the Tagus, he obtained an introduction to Captain McKinlay, senior officer in command, and was appointed acting assistant surgeon to H.M.S. Raven, about to return to Portsmouth on March 8, 1807.

Adventures are to the adventurous! Dr. Granville being on board, the Raven had barely parted company with the rest of the fleet before she captured a Danish merchantman conveying General Solignac and his family to Pondicherry, where the general was to take a command. A prize party, including the assistant surgeon, was placed on board the merchant-ship, and Dr. Granville was much interested in the captives, Madame de Solignac becoming his patient.

On landing at Portsmouth Dr. Granville underwent an examination at Haslar Hospital<sup>1</sup> somewhat under difficulties, as none of the medical staff spoke any European language but their

<sup>1</sup> He notes that one of the examiners, Mr. Vance, met with a tragic fate some years afterwards. An insane patient whom he visited in the upper floor of a house in Sackville Street threw the doctor over the banisters, killing him on the spot.

own. At the suggestion of the surgeon of the *Raven*, whose communications with his assistant had been carried on in Latin, that language was employed, the Italian doctor passed triumphantly,<sup>1</sup> and was transferred to the war schooner *Millbrook*, appointed to convoy the transports which conveyed part of the English army to Portugal: "As I had when a mere boy beheld Bonaparte entering Milan in 1796 at the head of twelve thousand soldiers, so in 1808 was I to see Sir Arthur Wellesley leaving England with the like body of men to defeat Junot at Vimiera." While the *Millbrook* was stationed off Oporto, Dr. Granville took part in several volunteer night expeditions, bringing into use the knowledge of navigation acquired in the Archipelago, and being instructed to reply to any challenge from the enemy's sentries, as he alone could command a word of French or Portuguese. These sallies were amusing to him, but had no more important result than the capture of some sheep destined to feed Junot's army.

During a terrific hurricane on the 25th of March the *Millbrook* struck, and Dr. Granville, who was lying down in his cabin, saw a piece of rock suddenly appear through its side; he rushed on deck, and, finding all the available boats already full, jumped overboard and thrust his right arm into the bung-hole of an empty cask, steering with his left until he struggled ashore. The shipwrecked crew was sheltered for a time in the little Portuguese fort, from which they were rescued by the *Elizabeth*, on board which vessel Dr. Granville remained as assistant surgeon until the Convention of Cintra, when he was transferred to *La Vénus*, and then occurred one of the strange situations of which his life was full:—

Here was I, escorting in one of his own ships, as prisoner of war, the identical Rus-

slan Admiral Siniavine whom I had met five years before in the brilliant salon of his imperial master's representative at Corfu, Count Mocenigo, who was then sharing with England the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, for supporting which Siniavine had under his command in Greek waters the very fleet now surrendered to an English admiral, and on its way to a temporary captivity in England.

In 1808, Dr. Granville, now a full surgeon in the royal navy, was appointed to the *Cordelia*, Captain Kennedy, belonging to the Channel fleet:

That narrow part of the Channel being infested with privateers, the service was looked upon as good fun. On one of the most tempestuous nights that had been known that winter, Captain Kennedy and his surgeon had been invited to dine at Admiral Foley's table, when a signal of "Privateer in the offing" was made from the *Cordelia*. Instantly the captain, and of course his surgeon, started for the shore, where offers were made by the gallant *Deal* boatmen to convey the two officers on board, and into one of the largest *Deal* boats they got, to be covered with a tarpaulin and launched by fifty hands into the surf, which rose in gigantic waves around them. In an hour the brave boat reached the *Cordelia*, at anchor in the Downs; the brig, slipping her single anchor, sailed at once, and on that terrible night a French privateer was run down off Dungeness.

This sort of service, continued through the winter months, necessarily affected the health of a son of the South; Dr. Granville, crippled by rheumatism, was sent to *Deal* on sick leave. "I can never forget," he writes, "the extreme kindness I experienced from every one I had to depend upon; a generous disposition in my superior officers towards an afflicted fellow-creature suggested their noble behavior throughout my illness and convalescence." Lady Foley (wife of the admiral) and Mrs. Kennedy not only looked after his physical comfort, but rendered him a more important service; the latter persuaded him to read the Prayer-book and New Testament, to increase his knowledge of the English language. Lady Foley, as

<sup>1</sup> Before his next examination in England—and he passed nine in all, including one before the College of Surgeons, and one before the Royal College of Physicians—Dr. Granville had mastered enough English to prevent this difficulty from recurring.



soon as he was sufficiently recovered, took him to her parish church; the simplicity of the mode of worship pleased and impressed him; he saw the influence of religion in the characters of his new friends, and in the lives of their country-people. Alienated from the church of his fathers, he says, by its "hollowness," and made miserable at heart even in the gayest period of his youth, during his period of agnosticism, by "isolation of soul and the dread of annihilation after death," he found conviction and peace of mind in Protestant doctrine and ritual, in which, having once embraced it, he felt a growing interest.

With returning strength Dr. Granville was eager to get to work again, and volunteered for the Indian service, where, in consequence of an outbreak of cholera, medical officers were greatly needed. He hoped to sail in H.M. frigate *Dover*, but the medical superintendent of Haslar did not consider him fit for active service, and was thus the means of saving his life; the *Dover* struck on the Black Rock on the Irish coast, and sank with all hands. Whilst waiting for another ship Dr. Granville busied himself in studying English literature, and falling in love (seriously, this time) and marrying; his wife being the daughter of "Joseph Kerr, Esq., of Blackheath." He also obtained his M.R.C.S. degree, and was "made a free and accepted Mason." These interludes, however, did not affect the Indian project, and about two months after his marriage Dr. Granville was appointed to H.M.S. *Arachne*, and entered Port Royal, Jamaica, on New Year's day, 1810. "To behold the myriads of crabs that were crawling among the half-buried remains of the victims of yellow fever, and to be seized with the unmistakable symptoms of that dreadful malady, was but the work of a few hours, for on the morning of the 2nd of January I was found to be delirious." He had, however, with commendable foresight, taught the sick-bay attendant of the ship how to proceed in such a case, and, his instructions being followed, may be

truly said to have carried out the precept: "Physician, heal thyself."

The next two years were spent in visiting nearly all the principal West Indian islands. At Port-au-Prince, San Domingo, Christophe was still aping Napoleon, and the ship's officers were presented to the Ducs de la Marmelade and de la Limonade, and other black dignitaries whose titles might have been selected from a Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera. Barbadoes, then exempt from yellow fever, was the general rendezvous for English men-of-war, and in Bridgetown Granville found that the leader of society amongst English residents and visitors was a charming daughter of Dr. Valpy, of Reading.

While anchoring in Carlisle Bay news arrived of the insurrection in the Caracas, and soon *El Liberador* in person visited the admiral's ship, to solicit in the name of the Junta the aid of Great Britain in proclaiming the independence of Columbia. Bolivar understood English, but his documents were written in Spanish, and Dr. Granville was called upon to translate them. This led to frequent interviews with the patriot, who is described as uniting to a resolute air and martial aspect, extreme gentleness of manner and voice, great information, and sound knowledge. Granville ranks him with Kossuth and Garibaldi, while mentioning that his after fortune was very different, his fellow citizens having assigned him "a perpetual annuity of thirty thousand dollars." The climate being found seriously injurious to Dr. Granville's health, he was sent home, entrusted with Bolivar's papers, which were to be delivered to the colonial secretary. At Downing Street he was graciously received by "Mr. Peel," whose youthful appearance astonished him, fame having already been so busy with his name—and he renewed his friendship with Mr. Hamilton.

A visit to Manchester on some family affairs of his wife led to Dr. Granville's first venture in English literature—consisting of five critical essays on the performances of John

Philip Kemble, then starring in that town; in these essays he not only recorded his extreme admiration for the finest actor he had ever seen, but criticised his interpretation of the text; "and," he says, "considering that only five years before, the writer had been under the necessity of using the Latin language to make himself understood by English physicians, I know not which of the two the public will condone—the presumption of the undertaking or the manner in which the author performed his task. Yet they were well received." During his next appointment on board the *Maidstone* (where one of his messmates was Lieutenant Edward Parry, afterwards of Arctic renown), Dr. Granville was present at the bombardment of Cadiz, in March, 1812, and is retrospectively shocked at his own inhumanity in regarding the engagement chiefly as a fine display of fireworks.

One of his patients during the Mediterranean cruise was the Duchesse d'Orleans (widow of Egalité), then living at Port Mahon, whom he describes as gentle, hospitable, and dignified. It scarcely accords with the last epithet that the duchess should have spoken to a strange physician of "the black ingratitude of Madame de Genlis," and of her husband's attempts to extenuate his own excesses by pleading the example of the prince regent and his associates.

The duchess entertained one or two officers of the English fleet every day, together with several of the resident civil and military authorities, and made Dr. Granville's invitation a "standing order," so that he met many pleasant acquaintances at her table; one of these who became most distinguished was lieutenant, afterwards Admiral Lord Lyons; their friendship was cemented by an exchange of dictionaries, Lyons giving a *Regiæ Parnassi* purchased in Sicily for a Greco-Romaic dictionary of Granville's.

When the ship visited Palermo for supplies she was boarded by many curious visitors, amongst them Louis Philippe, recently returned from teach-

ing mathematics in Switzerland, and married to the young Sicilian princess, Marie Amélie. He showed much emotion on hearing that the medical officer of the ship had been frequently his mother's guest, and made many inquiries about her.

In 1812, at Mr. Hamilton's suggestion, Dr. Granville resolved to abandon his sea life, with a half-pay allowance, and, while prosecuting his medical and surgical studies, to act as tutor to his old friend's two sons. One of the most valuable acquaintances to whom Mr. Hamilton introduced his tutor, when they settled in London for the winter, was Sir Joseph Banks, whose Sunday evening assemblies in Soho Square he thenceforward regularly attended, meeting there Sir Humphry Davy, Humboldt, Whewell, Astley Cooper, Brougham, Lansdowne, Playfair, and many men of scientific and political distinction. Blanco White, James Morier, and Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, also became Granville's friends—his nationality, his travels, and his scholarship affording common ground on which each of them could meet him.

More frivolous amusements were not wholly despised. Mrs. Granville and her child had by this time arrived in London, and Dr. Granville took the former to a *fête* at Vauxhall, at which the greatest amusement was what he calls "a sort of royal vaudeville." The Prince and Princess of Wales had attended, each hoping the other would not be present, and a game of hide-and-seek was kept up for an hour or two, to avoid a meeting.

In 1813 Dr. Granville obtained his diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons, and also became a member of the Royal Institution (formed a dozen years previously at the suggestion of Count Rumford), of the Linnæan Society, and of the Society of Arts. His musical and operatic criticisms in *L'Italico*<sup>1</sup> led to many acquaintances

<sup>1</sup> A bi-monthly magazine started by Dr. Granville in 1814, to which the prince regent and several of the ministers subscribed, on the ground of its being "a literary and scientific miscellany written

amongst professional musicians, increased when, at Mr. Ayrton's instance, he became "Hon. Physician to the Opera." As he was also at this time interpreter to the Foreign Office, it is easy to imagine how full and varied a life he led.

He gives an amusing account of the paralyzing effect produced by the unexpected appearance of Madame de Staël at one of Lady Bessborough's suppers:—

On her entering the *salon* all the gentlemen retired to the furthest end of the room, as if reluctant to approach her. To such a point was this carried that when supper was announced not a creature could be prevailed upon to lead Madame into the supper-room, each gentleman excusing himself awkwardly, leaving the lady in suspense at the singular appearance she and the company presented. At last Lord Townshend boldly advanced and gave her his arm. At supper matters were rather worse, for on Madame de Staël being seated the gentlemen drew quietly to the bottom of the table, fearful of being addressed by her, so that Lady Bessborough had to seat herself by her side. When Sheridan was pointed out to her by the mistress of the house, and his name mentioned, Madame de Staël exclaimed, turning to him, "Ah, voilà le grand Sheridan," who, however, did not appear inclined to go up to her until Lord Holland actually pushed him towards her. She then addressed several compliments to him, to which he replied that he knew not one word of French. "Tant mieux," cried Madame de Staël, "car alors j'aurais l'honneur d'entendre la belle langue Anglaise, que je parle très mal moi-même, mais que j'entends très-bien."<sup>1</sup>

The downfall of Napoleon in 1814 produced another of the kaleidoscopic changes in Dr. Granville's life. Mr. Hamilton was summoned to the assistance of Lord Castlereagh during the conference of Allied Sovereigns in

in the purest Italian." The Duke of Sussex was so pleased with it, and so warm a supporter of what he called "Italian resurrection," that Dr. Granville became a frequent guest at his "Kensington Palace breakfasts," where in conjunction with Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* and other advocates of the cause, letters and leaders for *L'Italico* and the London Liberal papers were discussed and decided upon.

<sup>1</sup> Autobiography, vol. 1., p. 346.

Paris, and took his son's tutor with him, as special messenger to Italy, in order to give him a long desired opportunity of seeing his father again. The meeting was affecting and delightful, the wanderer's pleasure being enhanced by finding that all his surviving relatives had prospered exceedingly, the Bozzi family seeming to have had a knack of rising in the world, and connecting themselves by marriage with those who were equally fortunate. Dr. Granville's plan, concerted with Mr. Hamilton and Sir Robert Wilson, both of whom sympathized ardently with his aspirations for Italian independence, was to make a tour through central Italy, observing the state of public feeling, reporting on it to his influential English friends, and proselytizing, wherever opportunity offered, in the cause of the unification of Italy under a liberal monarchical rather than a republican government, presided over by a prince of the house of Savoy.<sup>2</sup> The undertaking was not at that time an easy one. There were no railroads to unite city to city, and Austrian sentinels in abundance did their utmost to hinder travellers; but the magic words *Courrier du Cabinet Anglais* opened all gates for the Anglo-Italian patriot, who, in addition to his political designs and interests, intended to inspect all the hospitals and consult with all the doctors he might approach, to gather hints for future elaboration in England.

At that time the most brilliant *salon* in Bologna was that of Signora Martinetti, with whom Canova, "the most simple-minded and simple-hearted genius alive," fell desperately in love while modelling her exquisitely beautiful features. The lady was a Latin scholar, and it was Granville's privilege to gratify her great desire to become acquainted with Cardinal Mezzofanti, by taking him to her Pompeian villa.

<sup>2</sup> Granville claims to have been the first Italian writer to advocate this idea, which he persistently urged for many years in all publications to which he had access. He rejoiced that he was permitted to live to see it carried out.

The cardinal, who was an artisan's son, could speak thirty-one languages well, both as regards fluency and pronunciation. He told Dr. Granville that his method of acquiring the latter was to get a native of any Christian country whose language he happened to be studying to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed to him three or four times a day for a week; whilst he learnt Oriental tongues from a learned Mollah residing in the university.

The higher education of women was well represented at Bologna in the early years of this century, as it boasted a distinguished female professor of anatomy, and the professor of Greek, then giving a course of lectures on Homer, was Signora Tambroni.

Dr. Granville's recollections of his Italian tour abound with interest; one would like to quote his vivid description of the Comtesse d'Albany, and his dramatic account of the difficulties he got into by stopping the wild career of a young Austrian officer, whose reckless riding had nearly killed a poor old woman, when the Austrian officials expressed some natural perplexity as to how he should be at the same time Signor Bozzi of Milan and Dr. Granville of London; but space will not allow, and we must pause with him for a moment at Geneva on his homeward way. He was a *persona grata* there, having been charged by Sir Robert Wilson with a despatch announcing the restoration of the two field guns formerly guarding its gates, and which had been removed by the Austrians. A banquet was given to the welcome messenger, but he experienced greater pleasure next morning when he presented himself at the villa of "the greatest English chemist of the age," and found, seated by Lady Davy's side, Madame de Staël.

Strange as it may seem, the eyes were not only the first but the only feature in her physiognomy which produced an impression and absorbed attention. Large, lustrous, almond-shaped, with a mobility of pupil that obeyed every feeling, and so profoundly black when dilated as almost to

modify the velvety and violet tint of the iris. On turning from them, even after some minutes' observation, one would be at a loss how accurately to describe the rest of her person without a fresh inspection.

Corinne and Lady Davy—that eloquent woman who in Edinburgh reduced even Jeffrey to charmed, though reluctant, silence! But Dr. Granville was a brave man, and seems by his own account to have been equal to conversing with both these Sibyls on equal terms, though he confesses to some nervousness, when invited to dine at Coppet, at the thought of "encountering her again at close quarters—so prompt her remarks, so sudden and swift her repartees, so stringent her propositions, and so learned her references and citations, all uttered with a quick yet pleasing intonation." Happily Sismondi was a fellow-guest, and so much interested in hearing Dr. Granville's account of his recent visit to Pescia, where the great historian's parents were buried, that they became friends on the spot, and Dr. Granville obtained moral support.<sup>1</sup> Whilst staying with the Davys Dr. Granville met Faraday, then a young student travelling as a confidential attendant on Sir Humphry, and is careful to record that he saw nothing of the marks of caste distinction which Lady Davy is said to have inflicted and Faraday suffered from.

It is very curious to see how often fate seems to have played into Dr. Granville's hands by making chance encounters and travelling friendships stepping-stones in his upward path. During this short sojourn at Geneva, Sir Humphry Davy told him that his brother John had been offered an appointment which he could not accept

<sup>1</sup> In his account of the conversation at this dinner Dr. Granville falls into a curious error while attempting to correct another: Camille Sendel, he says, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "makes the great blunder of qualifying Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as the person who introduced vaccine and vaccination into Turkey, instead of the inoculation of small-pox, of which she had really the merit, for vaccination was at the time unknown." The fact being, of course, that she introduced inoculation into England from Turkey.

unless he were released from his engagements as lecturer on chemistry at St. George's Hospital, courses of these lectures being delivered in the room of the Westminster Medical Society, of which Brodie was the head. Sir Humphry knowing that Granville's ultimate aim was to settle in London as a medical practitioner, suggested that he should take Dr. Davy's place — and the arrangement in course of time was carried out.

In Paris Dr. Granville met Baron Cuvier and Professor Gay-Lussac, attending the lectures on iodine given by the latter, and receiving from him a small portion of the precious and recently discovered substance, which on his return to London Granville was the first to exhibit at the Royal Institution.

The secret service money which Granville received from the Foreign Office at the end of his travels he considers was amply earned, because amongst other information duly forwarded, he had, while at Lucca in June, 1814, warned Mr. Hamilton (then under-secretary of state) that an understanding existed between the Ex-Grand-Duchess Eliza, Murat, and Napoleon; and predicted that, "unless England could give a new direction to passing events, *Napoleon would not be long in Elba after Christmas.*"

September, 1814, found the traveller again in his little house at Brompton, very happy to rejoin his wife and children, and eager to add the English M.D. to his foreign diploma. The lectures given as Dr. Davy's substitute were very successful, but during one experiment an attendant broke a glass vessel containing a considerable volume of chlorine gas, which went straight into the nostrils of the lecturer, producing insensibility, and resulting in the total loss of the sense of smell, except on one occasion, ten years afterwards, when Dr. Granville, driving with his wife towards Harrow, became suddenly conscious of the odor of new-mown hay. He stopped the carriage and inhaled it for more than an hour, hoping to repeat the sensation on his

way home, but the lost sense never returned again.

Dr. Granville was present at a curious scene in Kensington Palace, when a deputation from the provisional government at Milan offered the Italian crown to the Duke of Sussex, waiving all objections on the score of religious differences. Miss Mitford's "royal porpoise" promised to consult his friends and consider the proposal. But, says Dr. Granville, financial difficulties arose, respecting which the duke, "highly to his honor, stood firm;" and the throne of free and united Italy was left vacant until the advent of "*Il Re Galantuomo.*"

It is impossible even to enumerate all the valuable friendships formed by Dr. Granville during his busy and varied life, but it is only fair to say that in many cases it arose from some kindly action of his own. He seems generally to have had the happiness of being of service to the persons in whom he was most interested, and never to have lost an opportunity of doing a kindness.

By the urgent advice of Sir Walter Farquhar, he went to Paris in 1816 to extend his medical studies. Here Cuvier, Humboldt, and Arago, as well as many leaders of fashion, were among his associates, and he records some of the gossip of the period, such as the arrival in Paris of a distinguished stranger anxious to get into "the best society," who for that purpose spent fifty thousand francs on a *fête qui fera époque*, to which the *élite* of the *élite* crowded, under the impression that their host was a retired merchant of fabulous wealth. The host and hostess were distinguished-looking and gracious, and the beauty of the latter excited great admiration. A magnificent supper was followed by a concert, for which all the stars of the Italian and French operas had been engaged. The distinguished guests were enchanted with the brilliant entertainment provided for them, and no doubt hoped that the *soi-disant* American millionaire would give many more. Imagine their surprise when on depart-



ing "every one received a splendid enamelled card bearing the following inscription in French: 'M. Morrison remercie, and begs to recommend the never-failing vegetable pills sold at the Hygeian Temple, City Road, London.'"

New Year's day, 1818, saw Dr. Granville truly "a West-End physician," established in a house in Savile Row, armed with his English degree, a member of the Royal Society, and holding an appointment in the Westminster General Dispensary. His youthful appearance was considered against him, but that was effectually qualified by the costume then *de rigueur* for a practising physician.

I donned [he says] a square-cut coat of black cloth, a single-breasted black cloth waistcoat, showing off a well-starched white frill, smalls with knee-buckles, black silk stockings, and buckles in shining black narrow pumps. I did not adopt the gold-headed cane, but wore powder and a broad-brimmed hat.

One of his most interesting patients was Mrs. Siddons, whom he attended for a nervous disorder, and afterwards for the insomnia of old age. She was very fond of discussing with him the phenomena of sleep and dreams, and their possible affinity to death, and of relating the impressions left on her mind by her art when it had been carried to a great emotional pitch. "Her acute observations," says the doctor, "were delivered with all that dramatic dignity which accompanied her in the most ordinary transactions of life—a queen to the last."

Dr. Granville's next field of action was Cambray, whither he was summoned by General Sir Lowry Cole, commanding part of what was called the English Army of Occupation. After a breathing space in Savile Row, he accompanied Lady Ellenborough and her daughters and niece on a prolonged Italian tour. On their way, Miss Towry, who was a beautiful girl, and very delicate, attended a ball given by the governor of Brussels, and slipping from the arm of her partner in a

sort of swoon, during a waltz, never spoke again. She died in a few hours.

When Dr. Granville had established his patients in a palazzo at Pisa and placed them under the care of his old friend Dr. Vacco, he returned to England, carrying letters to Sir Charles Stuart, in Paris. There he was informed that important ministerial changes were pending, of which Sir Charles was anxious to inform the English government before the French government could communicate them to their representative in London; and Dr. Granville was asked to take charge of the precious despatches. This was a task after the adventurous young doctor's own heart, and the account of his race with the French courier—first in a calèche and four, then in a fishing-boat, which ran the packet so close that the French courier was eating his supper in the Hotel de Paris, at Dover, when Dr. Granville arrived at the Ship—is amusing. At Rochester the French messenger drove out of one gate as the Englishman entered the other, but he was passed on the road, and the triumphant amateur courier arrived at Lord Castlereagh's house in St. James's Square before daybreak, first in the field. Thence he was sent to the French Embassy. As he turned the corner of Langham Place, on his way home to Savile Row, he met the Frenchman's equipage full gallop: "My boys hurrahed," he says, "rousing the neighborhood."

It is neither possible nor desirable to follow Dr. Granville through all the literary and professional work which filled his days (and many of his nights) in England, but one fact must be mentioned. When he settled in London, he found absolutely no provision there for the special treatment of the children of the poor; he interested his medical friends in the subject, sent round an appeal to his wealthy patients, and with their liberal aid opened a dispensary with three stations, at one of which he attended for fifteen years, enrolling on his own register alone the names of twenty-five thousand children. This institution had to be closed

for want of funds, but its value had been recognized, and it paved the way for the establishment of children's hospitals.

Dr. Granville's successful treatment of Lady Pembroke, at a time when she was apparently dying, led to his intimate connection with the family of her father, Count Simon Woronzow,<sup>1</sup> and, in 1827, to his visiting Russia as physician to Count Michael, her brother. The engagement was for three months, the terms were princely, and the mode of travelling was luxurious, so it was really a holiday for a hard-working Londoner. Capo d'Istria was one of the party, and Dr. Granville records with amazement the size of his ears, nearly five inches long and proportionately broad and thick! Besides attendance on the Countess Woronzow, and consultations with the physicians of other distinguished invalids, Dr. Granville busied himself in collecting materials for a work called "St. Petersburg, a Journal of Travels," published by Colburn in 1828, and which truth compels us to admit is but leaden reading, though its array of facts and statistics made it valuable at the time.

In 1833 Dr. Granville's prompt skill saved Lord Palmerston, when at the point of death from cholera (only allowed to be described as "indisposition" in the *Times*), but his passion for work made him a most rebellious patient as soon as the crisis was over. "What is the use of your under-secretaries?" asked Dr. Granville when he found Palmerston risking his life by sitting up in bed to pencil an entire document, instead of making notes. "To give me double work," was the characteristic reply. "They are both clever, and with much command of their pen; but what they tell or write, however instructed, is not what I should have said or written."

<sup>1</sup> A lively old gentleman. "Who will take care of your Excellency?" asked Dr. Granville, when about to depart. "Oh, as for that you can go without fear," was the reply. "You will find me on your return where you have left me, living and doing well. One does not die rapidly at my age. I am only eighty-five. Between that and a hundred there is plenty of time."

The particulars of Dr. Granville's difference of opinion with Lord Lyndhurst in what was known as the "Gardner Peerage case," and of his quarrel with Lord Brougham over the astonishing behavior of the latter in suppressing his testimonials when contesting an appointment in the London University, are not of general interest now; the hatchet was buried in each case. Some years afterwards, Dr. Granville had been attending the Andalusian beauty, Madame d'Acuña, in a house in Sloane Street, where Brougham (then on the Woolsack) had rooms. Lord Brougham told Madame d'Acuña that he knew her doctor, and would be glad to see him again. "In that case," she replied, "I will ask you to meet him at dinner." "Capital," observed Brougham; "the sooner the better. And if you, dear lady, will permit me to add a third guest, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst will be most happy to join you." The party was given, and the three sometime foes, having laid down their arms at the feet of the beauty, passed a harmonious evening.

When Joseph Bonaparte (under the title of Comte de Survilliers) and his family settled in Park Crescent in 1832, his daughter Charlotte<sup>2</sup> brought with her a letter from her own physician at Florence to Dr. Granville, which led to his attending the family until their return to Italy in 1840. Jerome and Lucien he often met at their brother's table, and he was specially requested by Joseph to be present, as an impartial witness, at the first interview he had with Louis Napoleon after his attempt at Strasburg, which Joseph said he could "never forget nor forgive." The comte told Prince Louis that his attempt was absurd, that it was presumptuous of him to claim to represent the dynasty in face of the law of succession proclaimed in 1804, and that he did irreparable mischief by compelling the continued banishment of the family from France.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Widow of Prince Napoleon Louis, elder brother of Louis Napoleon.

<sup>3</sup> Joseph's repeated remark on hearing of the revolt in Alsace was, "Ce vaurien à tout gâté!"

At a later meeting Prince Louis was prevailed on to say: "Je vous le promet, mon oncle. Tout ce que l'on dit et de l'exagération. Quant à moi je suis bien décidé de ne plus jamais m'immiscer dans des complots politiques." And the uncle and nephew embraced each other.

After this there was a full-dress banquet at Hanover Lodge, at which many princes of the house of Bonaparte assembled, and Dr. Granville had the pleasure of seeing an apparently hearty reconciliation amongst them. All this time Prince Louis was working secretly for his own ends, as is pretty plain from the sequel. Dr. Granville arranged several harassing family matters for the Bonapartes, attended Joseph through an apoplectic seizure, witnessed the signature of his will, and accompanied him to Wildbad. When Prince Louis went on board the steamer to bid his uncle good-bye, the farewell words were:—

"Point de complots, entends-tu? Garde ton argent pour des meilleurs occasions! Quand la France voudra de nous, elle saura nous appeler."

"Soyez tranquille, mon oncle; vous pouvez compter sur moi."

"Vrai?" urged Joseph, with tears.

"Ma parole d'honneur," replied the prince.

And a fortnight later the king of Wurtemberg arrived at Wildbad in great excitement and distress, with the tidings of Louis Napoleon's landing at Boulogne, and asked Dr. Granville how the news could best be concealed from, or broken to, his patient. It all but cost Joseph a fresh seizure when he did hear of it, and he shrieked: "Oh, pauvre nom de Bonaparte, que tu as baissé aux yeux de la France!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When the "Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire de Roi Joseph" appeared, Dr. Granville saw reason to believe that patient and physician were related; for he read: "La maison que l'on montre à Ajaccio dans laquelle Napoléon est né, appartenait originalement à la famille Bozzi, qui l'apporta en dot dans la nôtre"—the great-grandmother of Napoleon having been a Bozzi. "There is," says Dr. Granville, "no other distinct family of the name of Bozzi in Lombardy." It is to be regretted that Joseph never heard the paternal name of his doctor and friend.

The mischief Dr. Granville was accused of doing to English watering-places by his work on the "Spas of Germany" (also published by Colburn) he claims to have redressed by the discovery of the iodine spring at Woodhall, and of the sanitary advantages of Bournemouth, which at the time of his strenuous advocacy was only "a collection of sand-heaps fetching five shillings an acre."

In 1849, Dr. Granville revisited Russia to attend Princess Tezernicheff; his autobiography breaks off abruptly after a record of many agreeable social experiences during this visit, and his daughter Paulina adds some closing pages, which include a remarkable letter written by Dr. Granville to Lord Palmerston in July, 1853, on the subject of the health of the Czar Nicholas, and what he considered its bearing on the Eastern question, and its probable effect on the negotiations then pending between England, France, and Russia. In it he drew many parallels from the fate of other members of the Russian imperial family, and pointed out the symptoms of mental strain and excitement which indicated cerebral disease, and threatened insanity or sudden death. In the following year Palmerston asked whether Dr. Granville were still of the same opinion on this point, and he replied that before July, 1855, his prediction would be fulfilled. The czar died in March, 1855; Dr. Granville's letter, written nearly two years before, was then published in the *Times*, and he was regarded as a prophet, and beset, his daughter says, in his club, in his house, and in the streets by people who confided alarming hereditary tendencies to him and wished to learn their own probable term of life!

Dr. Granville's later years were saddened by the loss of two sons; of his almost life-long friend, Mr. Hamilton; and of his beloved wife, who died suddenly in 1861. Ten years later he followed her, "with a heart prepared for the great change," and after "a life which," Sir Charles Douglas, who had known him for forty years, wrote to

Miss Granville, "had been a blessing to thousands." It was one of unremitting industry and activity, both bodily and mental, evidences of which remain in his long list of works on medical subjects. Fortunately for England, it is no rare thing to find talent, benevolence, and public spirit in her native physicians; but few have combined with these such a varied and adventurous career as that of her adopted son, Dr. Bozzi-Granville.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
A CURSED BEAR.

THE village folk of Spask were a good-natured lot, as most Russian villagers are when fairly treated by destiny; and old Tatiana Danilovna was a popular character in the community for many sufficient reasons. In the first place she was a widow with several children, whom she did her best to support without begging, which is in itself a great distinction for any widow in a Russian village; and Tatiana, her special talents and qualifications apart, had but her late husband's little allotment of land, the portion of one soul (and, oh, what a drunken soul was that of Yashka Shagin, while still allied to the body!), wherewith to feed the whole five of her brats. But then, as I have just hinted, Tatiana had talents of her own, which enabled her to supplement the meagre income producible from her bit of the communal land, which, but for this fortunate provision of nature in her favor, would have been just about enough to starve upon handsomely. The fact of the matter is, old Tatiana was a *znaharka*. If the reader were to look out this word in the dictionary he would probably find the English equivalent given as "a sorceress;" but this is not exactly the meaning of the name, which is derived from the root *Zna*, and signifies rather "a woman who knows her way about." This much old Tatiana certainly did know as well as most people, although I am sorry to say that her education in the usual fields of even elementary

learning had been entirely overlooked. As *znaharka* she did a considerable business, however, in all of the following useful departments of that avocation. She gave her blessing to couples about to be married; and bold indeed would that couple have been who presumed to approach the hymeneal altar without having previously insured themselves against the onslaughts of the evil eye by undergoing the ceremony indicated. Besides this she did a fairish bit of exorcising, for there were always plenty of evil spirits knocking about near Spask, and the priest of the nearest *selo* could not always be got at very conveniently; besides, her fee was naturally lower than that of his reverence, who could not be expected to come all that distance, and bring a large *ikon* with him into the bargain, for nothing; also the priest had to be refreshed, while Tatiana was frugal in her habits to a fault, and was far too wise a woman to go near the village *kabak* at any time for drinking purposes. She would use the resort as a convenient place for haranguing the assembled souls, indeed, and visited it also occasionally in a benevolent way, to haul some boosing moujik out of the place before he should have drunk his soul out of his body. Then, again, Tatiana was the *sage-femme* of the place, and ushered into the world every little squalling moujik that was unfortunate enough to be born into this vale of tears and poverty. Lastly—for even the tale of Tatiana's accomplishments must end somewhere—she was the medico of the place. Tatiana did not attempt surgery, but she knew a number of incantations and charms, which, of course, are the same thing without the vivisection. Faith and Tatiana together effected many a cure in Spask; and it is marvellous, when one thinks of it, how very simple a matter will cure our suffering bodies if we only know how to "do the trick." Tatiana knew how to do the trick, and had herbs and potent decoctions which were able to remove every disease—unless, indeed, it was God's will that the patient should die, in which case,

of course, neither Tatiana, nor Professor Virchow, nor any one else could have kept the poor creature alive. When Providence was willing that the sick person should enjoy a further lease of life, then Tatiana and her herbs and her occasional blood-letting were safe things to resort to, as all Spask well knew, and were as sure as anything could be to pull the patient through with flying colors. She also dealt in charms for the use of lovers, mothers (or would-be mothers), hunters, farmers, etc.; and could doctor horses and cows, and dogs and poultry with wonderful success—always, of course, under the saving clause as to *force majeure*, in the way of interferences from Providence. I will merely add that Tatiana was dear to all children, whom she regaled with *prianniki* (biscuits) after a good stroke of business, and that the whole village feared as well as respected the old woman.

Such being Tatiana's position in the community it is not surprising that the entire population of Spask were ready and willing to lend a hand whenever the word went round that the *znaharka* was about to mow her field of grass, or to dig up her potatoes, or whatever may have been the particular nature of the work to be done upon her bit of land. On the occasion which we have to consider to-day there was hay to be made, and as Tatiana's allotment adjoined others upon which a similar work had to be performed, nearly all the "souls," or ratepayers of the village were present and busy with their scythes, while there was assuredly no single child in the place absent; all were there, tossing Tatiana's hay about ("tedding" is the word, I believe), and making themselves more or less useful and entirely happy over the job. The field was a large one, for it comprised the whole of the hay allotments of the souls of the community, about twenty-five in all; hence Tatiana's strip, which was but one twenty-fifth of the whole, was soon mown by so large a body of workers, who then passed on to the next strip, and thence to a third and a fourth, until all was

mown. The field lay close up to the very edge of the pine forest, Tatiana's strip being actually the nearest to the wood, so that, as the work went on, the whole body of workers gradually drew further and further from the cover, until, towards evening, the busy, noisy crowd were at quite a considerable distance from the spot at the edge of the forest where the work had commenced in early morning. On such occasions as mowing day at Spask there is no question of returning to the village during working hours; for once in a way Ivan Ivanich sticks to business, and meals, as well as any little refreshers of a liquid nature, are partaken of upon the spot; hunks of black bread tied up in red handkerchiefs, salted herrings in grimy bits of newspaper, and *kvass*, in dirty-looking bottles, forming the principal items of the food and drink brought by the *moujiks* to be consumed upon the ground. *Kvass* is a drink to which I should recommend every reader to give a very wide berth, for it is without exception the nastiest decoction that ever the perverted ingenuity of mankind invented, and is calculated to nauseate the toughest British palate to such an extent that the said Britisher will flee the country rather than taste the noxious stuff a second time.

On this occasion there was quite an array of red handkerchiefs left at the edge of the field, together with sundry loose hunks of black bread and other comestibles, and half-a-dozen tiny children of a non-perambulating age, which latter had been brought to the field by their mothers for the excellent reason that there was no one left in the village to look after them, and were now peacefully sleeping, like so many little bundles of rags, each under the tree selected by its parent for the office of shade-giver. Assuredly not one of the red-shirted souls so busily wielding their scythes, or of the gaily kerchiefed women tossing and drying the grass, ever bethought herself of the possibility of danger to the little ones thus left a hundred or so of yards away; for who would hurt them? There were no



gipsies to carry them away, or brigands—they had never heard of such gentry; it was perfectly safe, and nobody bothered his head about the babies. Therefore it came as a terrible shock to every person present when of a sudden some one raised the cry: "Medved, medved!" (a bear, a bear!). There was no mistake about it, it was indeed a bear, and a big one, too—"the czar of the bears," as a moujik expressed it afterwards. The brute was apparently busy searching among the red handkerchiefs for something to eat, when first seen; but at the general shout or howl of fear and surprise which immediately arose from the whole body of peasants in the field, he raised his nose and deliberately scanned the assembled villagers, showing his teeth and growling unpleasantly.

The villagers were too frightened, at first, to either move or utter a sound. The spectacle of a bear in their midst was too unusual in that portion of Russia in which Spask lay to be other than intensely horrifying. Spask did not even boast of an *ochotnik*, or hunter, among its inhabitants; the population, one and all, were as ignorant of the best course to pursue under the circumstances as though the foul fiend himself had suddenly appeared among them, and their tongues, as well as their arms, were absolutely paralyzed with amazement and terror.

Meanwhile the bear, seeing that none seemed anxious to dispute his presence, turned his attention to the red bundles which contained the food whose good smell had probably attracted him, visiting several of these in turn and rolling them about in his attempts to get at their contents. Then he visited a bundle which contained a baby. The child was, fortunately, fast asleep; neither did it awake when Bruin rolled it over to sniff at it; if it had moved the consequences would probably have been fatal. But, as matters turned out, the child slept on, and the bear, satisfied that it was dead, left it. But now the spirit of the assembled population returned to them, and, as though with one accord, the

entire crowd gave vent to a shriek of relief and rage; men began to finger their scythes and women their rakes, and the whole assembly moved a step or two towards the intruder. Then Bruin began to think that discretion was, perhaps, after all, the better part of valor, and, with a few savage snarls and grunts, retired into the forest, stepping upon a sleeping baby as he withdrew, and causing the child to wake and scream with pain. Then he disappeared among the dark pines, moaning and grunting so as to be heard for a considerable distance.

The villagers lost no time in rushing to the assistance of the screaming child, now that danger was over, when it was seen that the baby was quite uninjured, and, further, that the child was a relative and goddaughter of old Tatiana, whose bundle of black bread the bear had also honored with particular attention. These facts amounted, in the minds of the good people of Spask, to a coincidence. Why had the brute thus chosen out the *znaharka* for special and deliberate insult? Undoubtedly he was an evil spirit, and these acts of hostility on his part directed against the chief local enemy of evil spirits must be accepted as something in the nature of a challenge. Tatiana's bread was all eaten or spoiled, and Tatiana's godchild still lay screaming, though unhurt, in her mother's arms. There was more in this than appeared on the surface.

All eyes were now upon the *znaharka*, for it was evident that something must be said or done under the circumstances; the reputation of the wise woman of the village was, in a way, at stake.

Tatiana did not disappoint her admirers. She first crossed herself, and then spat; then she fixed her eyes upon the spot where the bear's retreating form had last been seen, and commenced a speech, half a formula of exorcism and half pure (or rather very impure) abuse, which certainly did the greatest credit both to her inventive faculties and to her knowledge of the intricacies of the Russian

language as arranged specially for the use of vituperative peasants. If one fractional portion of the old woman's curse had taken effect upon its object, the rest of the days of that bear upon this earth would indeed have been days of blighting and misery both for himself and for those who called him son or cousin or husband; his female relatives especially came under condemnation, and most of all she who had brought him into the world; her fate was to be shocking indeed—so much so that I shrink from entering into the matter in detail for fear of wounding the feelings of my readers, who are not perhaps accustomed to the beauties of the Russian moujik vocabulary, which is exceedingly rich in certain forms of speech. Tatiana's curse, however, produced a great effect upon her fellow villagers, who felt that it was all that the occasion demanded, and that they had for the present obtained satisfaction for the insults heaped upon them by the uninvited guest; the baby was also, presumably, of this opinion, for it now stopped crying and began to look about it with eyes full of the last few unshed tears, as though it expected to find the corpse of the bear lying somewhere about as the immediate result of Tatiana's heroics. After this, the souls, accompanied by their female relatives and the children, returned to the village, where the rest of the evening was spent by the majority of the gentlemen in the refinements of vodka drinking and wrangling at the kabak.

But, alas! shocking though the curse of Tatiana had sounded, and dire as the results ought to have been in the way of utter confusion and annihilation in this world and the next for that bear and all his relations, it soon appeared that somehow or other the malediction had missed its mark. The very next day the creature was seen by a moujik who chanced to penetrate somewhat deep into the forest in search of mushrooms; and so far from being any the worse for the liberal cursing it had had, the bear had appeared—so the moujik declared—to be all the better, or rather fiercer, for it; it had

actually chased him for some little distance, and would have caught him if he had not, most providentially, reached a wide expanse of open ground which the bear had hesitated to cross in daylight.

This was curious news, and Tatiana was observed, that morning, after hearing it to grow very thoughtful. She made her hay diligently, but silently, exchanging neither word nor salutation with man, woman, or child during the whole of the day. The peasant women eyed the old znaharka with unquiet minds; was this evil spirit destined to prove more mighty than she, and to defy with impunity the very clearly expressed maledictions of their all-powerful znaharka? Surely not. It would be a bad day for Spask if the confidence which the village had so long reposed in the person of the sagacious Tatiana were now to be shaken! This was the very reflection which was disturbing the mind of the znaharka herself, with the corollary that it would be an uncommonly bad thing for her business also. Things, however, went from bad to worse. Far from feeling the effects of the curses of Tatiana, these seemed to have inspired the animal with greater audacity and ferocity than had ever hitherto been the portion of mortal bruin. He chased the villagers at every opportunity; he entered the village at night and stole—alas! poor znaharka!—Tatiana's dog; he grew bolder day by day, and at last his daring culminated in the pursuit and capture of a poor little child. The unfortunate baby, for she was scarcely more, had strayed beyond the edge of the wood while her people were busy in the hayfield, had been caught, carried away, and eaten. This was the climax. Tatiana's reputation was tottering. Already several sick persons had presumed to get well without her assistance; another had done an even worse thing—he had ridden over to the neighboring selo, which means the head of a group of villages, in order to consult the local *feldscher*; an insult to the medical genius of Tatiana which

had never before been offered to that lady — who, to do her justice, little as she knew about medicine or human bodies and their ailments, nevertheless knew a great deal more than her professional rival upon these subjects, for he was as absolutely ignorant of one as he was of the other.

Tatiana felt her influence in the village, and therefore her very livelihood, slipping away, not gradually, but, if I may use the expression, with a run. If something did not happen, and that very soon, to re-establish her reputation, she was lost, so far as her position and profits as *znaharka* were concerned. Folks eyed her askance when they met her; some even openly mocked at her as she passed, delighting to tell her each new tale of the appearance of the demon bear, that thrived on curses; in a word, the position became insupportable. Besides this, life in the village had now become a positive danger. The bear, after having whipped off every little dog he could lay hold of, had turned his attention to cows and horses, and had slaughtered no fewer than six of these, besides having paid regular visits to the communal oat-field, eating quantities of the peasants' grain and trampling a great deal more than he ate. Ruin stared the *moujiks* in the face. Tatiana's position gradually became dangerous; once faith was lost in the *znaharka*, the inconstant peasants were soon within measurable distance of drowning her for a witch. Poor old Tatiana felt her degradation, if not her danger; she was brave enough, and it is probable she thought less of the latter than of the former. The discredited wise woman now took to roaming the woods, armed with her sickle, in hopes of meeting and, by some fortunate combination of circumstances in which cursing and cunning and violence were all to play a part, compassing the death of her arch-enemy, the ruiner of her position and prospects — the hated, the accursed, the demoniac bear. Tatiana still believed in herself, strangely enough, though the rest of the village had learned to doubt her powers, and she was not

without hope that a second curse, if personally applied, might yet prove efficacious. Such was the position of affairs, and all Tatiana's wanderings in the forest had not, as yet, procured her a sight of her enemy, when one afternoon, as the old woman was busily employed washing her children's clothes in the river, on chancing to raise her head she espied for the first time since the memorable evening of her first and unsuccessful cursing, the very identical object of that curse and of many others since lavished upon him in the secret recesses of her inner being — Mr. Bruin himself. The bear, unaware of her proximity, was standing at the edge of the steepish bank which at that spot overhung the water, endeavoring to reach the stream for a drink. Unsuccessful in his efforts to effect this, the brute was softly whining and grunting, growing excited and passionate the while, as balked bears will, over his failure to get at the water. Seeing that his whole attention was absorbed in the interest of the moment, Tatiana, who, brave as she was, had at first been struck motionless with terror at the sight of this savage brute so unexpectedly appearing at her side, determined to seize the opportunity to escape. But when she had stolen but a very few paces away, a thought arrested her. She was discredited and disgraced at the village; her reputation, which meant her livelihood, had gone from her; what was life worth to her under the circumstances? Why not make one bold stroke for reputation and fortune, and succeed or perish in the attempt? Here was this bear busily engaged in balancing himself over the surface of the swift stream, endeavoring to get at the water which he could not possibly reach, but, bearlike, persisting in the attempt; why should she not try it? Her mind was made up; she crept softly behind her enemy — it was a matter of life and death, she quite understood that, so she was careful enough to make no sound — approached within a yard or two of the monster's broad stern, then, as he bent himself further than ever over the

water, gave one loud shout and one big rush, and in an instant had thrown the whole weight of her body against that of the already almost overbalanced animal at the brink. The next moment znaharka and bear were both rising to the surface of the river Diesna, beneath whose cool waters they had plunged in company. Old Tatiana could swim like a duck and soon struck out for the best landing place; the bear, like a sensible creature, following her lead. But the old woman, trained to swim in these waters from childhood, quickly outstripped her companion, and was ready, with her sickle in her hand, when that half-drowned individual arrived. The river was deep to the very bank, so that Tatiana had no great difficulty in beating off her enemy, who, placing two huge paws upon the edge of the bank, received a cut from the sickle upon each which soon compelled him to snatch away those members with a roar of pain and rage.

Then commenced an unequal battle. The bear splashed about endeavoring to gain a footing; but whenever he came to the bank, there was Tatiana awaiting him with her deadly sickle, and in addition to many cuts over paw and forearm the unfortunate brute had soon to bewail sundry gashes over face and head, which first enraged and then stupefied him, the old woman accompanying her blows with volleys of abuse and imprecations which, I am convinced, must have made that bear feel exceedingly ashamed of himself had he not had other matters to engage his attention at the moment!

The result of all this was a foregone conclusion. The poor brute could not land; his efforts to gain a foothold waxed feeble; his roars of pain and rage grew weaker, thinned themselves into pitiful whines and moans, and then died away altogether. His head went under water, reappeared once and a second time, and sank again. He was drowned.

Then the old znaharka crossed herself, spat at her defunct enemy, and fainted.

An hour afterwards, as the souls of

Spask were engaged, *more suo*, in wrangling over their midday vodka, at the kabak, to them entered the pale and dishevelled figure of the discredited wise woman.

"Well, little mother," said one, "how are curses selling this afternoon? I'm told they are a drug in the market!"

Rude laughter followed this sally.

"Curses have gone up since the morning," said the old woman. "I have seen a vision——"

"If your visions are as nourishing as your maledictions," interrupted a second moujik, "you'd better feed the demon bear on them. He thrives on them, and it will save our oats!"

"The bear is dead," said Tatiana. "I have seen him in a vision. You will find his body at the shallow rapids near Gouriefka. My curse has fallen upon him. He will eat no more oats!"

With which solemn words Tatiana made an effective exit before her hearers had decided what to make of them.

When the dripping body of that ill-used bear was brought in triumph to the village and laid in the street in front of Tatiana's cottage, it would be difficult to say which of two parties, all the members of which talked at once, were the loudest—those who applauded and extolled the marvellous triumph of the znaharka over the powers of darkness, or those who raised their voices in denunciation upon the prostrate enemy of mankind. The two parties changed places continually, those who cursed the bear taking a turn at extolling the woman of the hour, and *vice versa*. Suffice it to say that never was bear better cursed, and never was praise more lavished upon human being. For several years after this, if there was a wise woman in all Russia whose blessings and cursings were esteemed absolutely effective in all emergencies, and carried their own steady market value for miles around Spask, that woman was Tatiana. Her cures were marvellous after this, for so great was the faith reposed in her powers that she might have saved her

herbs and still the patients would have recovered. As for the death of the bear, St. Sergius, on whose name-day the brute perished, got the credit of that, after deduction had been made for the glory fairly earned by Tatiana, but for whose maledictions the good saint might never have been moved to interfere for the relief of the Spask peasantry. Tatiana knew exactly how much St. Sergius had to do with the killing of the bear; but, in her opinion, it paid her far better to pose as the successful curser than as the intrepid hunter, and no doubt she knew best about that, as about most things, being a *znaharka*.

FRED. WHISHAW.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

III.

ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

ON no point in the history of the Civil War, and of the British army to which it gave birth, is information so scanty and unsatisfactory as in respect of the artillery. The very word artillery appears but rarely, the expression "the train" comprehended all that we now include under that term. Looking under the heading of the train in Sprigge's Army-List of 1645, we find the names of a few officers, a lieutenant-general of the ordnance, a comptroller, a master-gunner of the field, and so forth; but not a sign of an organized force of artillery nor the least mention of guns. Two regiments of infantry, two companies of firelocks (the only corps without the red coat), and one company of pioneers, with their officers, are indeed set down as belonging to the train; but with the artillery proper these cannot have had any concern. Indeed it is only from chance mention in a newspaper that we learn that Fairfax, when he marched on his Naseby campaign, had with him ten brass pieces. The fact is that field artillery as a manœuvrable force was unknown in England at the time, the guns being cumbersome and their mobility uncertain. On the Continent Maurice

of Nassau had awoke to the value of light field-artillery. We learn that he had fifty or sixty small pieces cast, which he used to place between his battalions; and these were found "of great service at the time of fight; for two or three men could easily wield one of them as they pleased, both in advancing it forward and drawing it back as occasion served." A contemporary English writer, Robert Ward, gentleman and commander, who is nothing if not an army-reformer, recommends the adoption of this novelty in England, which shows that it was unknown.

We are therefore driven to form such conception of the artillery-man as we can from the old works on gunnery, of which there are not a few, and from occasional chance notices in the chronicles of the war. First it must be premised that the guns of the period were not necessarily constructed of metal, leather being an alternative material, preferred principally on account of its lightness. These leathern guns are somewhat of a curiosity, the honor of having invented them being a matter of dispute between the nations of Sweden and Scotland. According to one account, they were built of the most hardened leather, girt about with hoops of iron and brass; according to another, they had a core of tin and were bound round with cordage. In neither case could they be expected to last long, though we are told that they could be "brought to discharge" as often as ten times in succession; but when we reflect how few are the rounds that can be fired from the monster guns of our own day without renewal of the inner tube, we cannot afford to sneer at the shortness of their life. They were at any rate mobile; for they could be carried on a pony's back or stacked together by the half dozen in "barricados of wood," borne on wheels. Moreover they did good service more than once, as for instance, at Newburn and at Cropredy Bridge. Later on they seem to have fallen into disrepute, for we hear of the "leather guns by which the king and country



hath been cheated ;" though even at Killiecrankie Mackay had some of "Sandy's Stoups" (as they were called) with him. We may remember that in the French Revolution there were enthusiasts who proposed to set all the coopers in Paris to work at the construction of wooden guns. Milton seems to have had something of the sort in his mind when he describes the artillery of the rebellious angels.

Like to pillars most they seemed,  
Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir  
With branches lopped ;

but the guns themselves were "brass, iron, stony mould."

However our business lies not so much with these experimental weapons as with the legitimate ordnance, which has come down to us under very strange nomenclature. For in the early days of artillery, we learn, guns were named according to the will of the inventor, after his own name, as, for instance, the Cannon ;<sup>1</sup> or by the names of birds and beasts of prey for their swiftness and cruelty, as the Falconet, Falcon, Sacker, and Culverin<sup>2</sup> for swiftness of flying, or as the Basilisk, Serpentine, Aspic, and Dragon for cruelty. The poetry of the conception is obvious enough ; but unfortunately such names help us little towards any understanding of the weight and calibre of the guns brought into the field. In fact they are as vague as they are poetic. We read, for instance, that after Naseby the Parliamentary army captured the whole of the king's artillery, twelve pieces in all, two demi-cannons, two demi-culverins, and eight sackers. We turn to our standard works of the period to seek explanation of these terms, and find that no two of them agree. However, to give some notion of these guns, a brief description (from Colonel Ward) of the three aforesaid is here set down.

(1) *A demi-cannon*: weight 5,000 lbs. ; length 11 feet ; bore 6 inches ; weight of shot 24 lbs. ; team 9 horses. (2) *Demi-*

*culverin*: weight 3,000 lbs. ; length 11 feet ; bore 4½ inches ; weight of shot 11¾ lbs. ; team 7 horses. (3) *Sacker*: weight 1,000 lbs. ; length 8 feet ; bore 3¾ inches ; weight of shot 5¼ lbs. ; team 5 horses.

It will be seen that the guns were very long and very heavy, the extreme length and consequent great weight being due to the bad quality of the slow-burning powder. But in the matter of construction experts state that they were little inferior to the guns made at the time of the Peninsular War. Our authorities of the seventeenth century, however, are careful to warn students that pieces of ordnance are not always truly cast, and that in such cases, where one side of a gun is thicker in metal than the other, "she [the gun] ought to have but such a proportion of powder as the thinnest side will bear, otherwise it is in danger of breaking. Moreover [and this is important] she will never shoot straight, but will convey her bullet to the thicker side." And here follows an elaborate series of tables for correcting such errors, providing even for a deviation of fifty paces at a range of five hundred, which it is to be hoped was an extreme case. Thus every gun had to be studied as an individual weapon ; and, as one of our authorities says, "A gunner ought to have an entire and perfect knowledge of the conditions of his piece, made by former practices in her." But granted that the guns were fairly accurate, they were at any rate extremely heavy and difficult to move. It seems a little doubtful whether they travelled on two wheels or four, contemporary drawings showing instances of both. In either case, however, there was nothing like what is now called a limber, the team being harnessed apparently to the trail. The ammunition was brought along in ordinary wagons, the powder sometimes made up in cartridges, but more often carried simply in barrels which were unloaded behind the guns when in action. As to teams and drivers, these seem to have been wholly untrained, and merely impressed or hired for the occasion ; in fact, it is on record that

<sup>1</sup> Another derivation is *canna*, a reed.

<sup>2</sup> *Sic*; but *couleuvrine* (culverin) is generally classed with the basilisk.

the London hackney coachmen did duty as artillery drivers more than once. In some contemporary prints of guns drawn by long teams, there is a driver to every alternate pair. There remains one minute detail to bring the artillery of the Civil War and of the present day together; gun-carriages were painted from the first of a "fair lead color."

As to the artillery-men, it is pretty generally agreed that skilled gunners were woefully scarce on both sides during the Civil War. The crew or detachment told off to each gun seems to have consisted of three men; the gunner, his mate, and an odd man "to serve them both, and help them charge, discharge, mount, wad, cleanse, scour, and cool the piece being overheated." One of the most important duties of this odd man was to cover up the powder barrels with a hide, or some similar protection, between each discharge of the gun, to obviate the danger of a general explosion. Nevertheless there was a proper system of drill with thirteen words of command, for the wielding of ladle, sponge, and rammer; and there were little dandyisms and smartnesses such as delight the heart of the drill-sergeant. A gunner, we are told, should go to work *artist-like* to charge a piece; there must be no clumsy handling of the ladle and spilling of loose grains of powder, for instance; "for it is a thing uncomely in a gunner to trample powder under his feet." The ladle, when filled with powder and pushed well home to the bottom of the bore, was turned upside down; and some skill was needed to withdraw it without at the same time bringing some of the powder back with it, "a foul fault for a professed gunner to commit." Finally we are enchanted to find the usual appeal to the gunner's vanity and self-respect. "Let the gunner endeavor to set forth himself with as comely a posture and grace as he can possibly; for the agility and comely carriage of a man in handling his ladle and sponge, and lading his piece, is such an outward action as doth give

great content to the standers-by." How the perennial human nature peeps out in these little exhortations! Before all things be the onlooker's feelings consulted, and the common citizen, male and female, properly impressed. "No object is more beautiful than a well-shouldered musket," says the Sergeant in Whyte Melville's "Digby Grand," true exponent of the traditional æsthetics of the barrack-yard.

For the rest, we gather that the pay of the gunner was one shilling per day, being rather more than that of the foot-soldier, and less than that of the dragoon and cavalry-man. Truth compels us to add that the gunner at that period enjoyed the reputation of being sadly given over to profane swearing. One writer seems to hint, unless we misunderstand him, that dealing with explosives in large quantities (gunpowder being in its nature infernal) may have had something to do with this habit; but it is more probable that the imperfectness of their organization brought gunners less rigidly under discipline than the rest of the army.

As to the employment of artillery in action, commanders seem to have been extremely vague. The military authorities of the period appear to have recognized that in a pitched battle guns were, potentially at any rate, a serious matter, and deserving of serious treatment. Thus Ward perpetually enjoins that the first thing to be done in a general action is to draw out a certain number of horse and foot to surprise the enemy's ordnance. "In which they are not bound to keep any array or order, but to run disbanded and pell mell upon the enemy, whereby his ordnance shall be disabled from shooting more than once." But speaking generally, commanders seem to have been rather at a loss to know what to do with their guns. The common practice, apparently, was to post them in small detachments between the battalions of infantry. This is the place assigned to them in the old sketch plans of Naseby; and also in some contemporary orders for a sham fight in Hyde Park. Some writers were in favor of

posting guns always on an eminence, if possible, "because the shot come with a deal more power down-hill than up-hill; and a bullet [cannon-shot] shot from a hillside may go through two or three ranks, when that which is shot upward cannot pass through one." This argument appears sound enough at first sight, till we find ourselves confronted by the objection that if guns were posted to fire down a hillside, the shot was liable to roll out of the muzzle; to which Ward scornfully retorts that in such a case "they are simple men that charge [load] them." The controversy on the subject was evidently rather acrimonious.

Upon a review of the whole matter, we cannot avoid the conclusion that in the field the artillery counted for little during the Civil War. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of some good work done by it, but on the whole very rarely. At Newburn the leather guns did some service; and at Marston Moor there was, at least, one cannon shot which made havoc among the Ironsides; but we hear little enough of them in other actions. At Naseby "there were not seven pieces of ordnance shot off all the fight." Charles had left his guns behind at Leicester; and the Parliamentary generals either could or would do little with theirs, or they would have brought them up to shatter the stubborn body of Royalist infantry which still stood fast when the rest of the army was in full flight. In the different sieges the cannon, of course, played a more important part, but it would seem that even here they did not greatly shine. The reason possibly was, in part, that it was difficult, without a great number of guns, to keep up a continuous fire. "One may make ten shots an hour if the pieces be well fortified and strong; but if they be but ordinary pieces, then eight is enough; always provided that after forty shots you refresh and cool the piece, and let her rest an hour, for fear lest eighty shots should break the piece, not being able to endure the force and heat." Accordingly we find that Latham House, with three hun-

dred men and eight guns, held out for three months against two thousand besiegers and a whole train of artillery. A thousand great shot, again, were discharged against the walls of Donnington Castle without further damage than beating down some of the older portions thereof; and it was said to have cost Cromwell five hundred rounds before he could make a practicable breach for the storm of Basing House. In other sieges the difference of opinion between besiegers and besieged as to the efficacy of the artillery practice is for the most part hopelessly irreconcilable; though at Bristol one Royalist account confesses that the royal ordnance did little beyond the slaying of one of the hostile cannoniers, who was "vaporizing about in his shirt at the top of the fort." The story, as delivered to us, seems to imply that this foolhardy gunner would have escaped, had he been content to do his vaporizing in his ordinary costume. In another siege we hear from one of the besieged that one thousand great shot were spent against the town, and yet none slain but an old man who was making his will. At Gloucester, again, the besiegers maintained that their guns had done great execution; while the besieged averred that they had killed nothing but an old woman and a pig. But such is the humor of every siege. At the same time the war gave inventive artillerists a great stimulus towards experiment in the construction of extra powerful guns. One such, a "special large piece of ordnance," the 110-ton gun of its day, was brought into position before Oxford in May, 1645, whither General Fairfax himself with the headquarter staff went to witness its performance. The great gun was placed on a height, and sent its shot "right over the town, a mile from thence," to the great astonishment and satisfaction of all present. One can imagine the rubbing of hands, the congratulations, and the Scriptural texts, appropriate and inappropriate, that passed on the height above Oxford on that spring day. But let modern artillerists console themselves. Within

three weeks the monster gun broke down, cracked at the breech.

What is rather curious to note, however, in the story of the war is the sentiment which the rank and file felt about guns, small as was the part played by the latter in the field. Thus on one occasion the Parliamentary leader captured the whole of Prince Maurice's artillery. A few days later he had occasion to send a trumpeter to the prince with a message; which trumpeter, on being blindfolded according to the practice of war before being allowed to enter the enemy's camp, "begged not to be taken among the ordnance for fear of breaking his shins." Maurice's men, so far from seeing the joke, were so incensed that they threatened to hang him. So, too, when the Parliamentary troops had a chance of recapturing the guns lost in Essex's disastrous campaign in Cornwall, they rushed at them with a will to give them the Cornish hug, as they expressed it, and rejoiced mightily over their recovery. By a strange irony, while the once celebrated march of the New Model army to the west in the winter of 1645-46 remains buried in the depths of Sprigge's "*Anglia Rediviva*," the king's proclamation of thanks to his loyal Cornish subjects still hangs in many a Cornish church, and may be read in gilt letters to this day.

With this we must pass from the artillery to the second scientific branch of the service, the engineers. Strictly speaking it cannot be said to have enjoyed any organized existence. There were officers borne for engineering service, the chief in that department being evidently a foreigner, — Peter Manteau van Dalem by name — who had probably been brought over by some English comrade from the service of Maurice of Nassau. That there were also English engineer officers of some skill is beyond all doubt; and so there should have been, for there were plenty of books for them to learn from, with elaborate treatises and even catechisms. For example; "*General*. Good sir, I pray you show me how you

would better the point of a bulwark; and give me some reasons as well defensive as offensive. *Captain*. I am willing to give your lordship content and say, etc. *General*. I am of your mind, and prefer such a battery before all others, etc." So do these worthy men discourse of fortification as mildly as though of angling, no doubt with great profit to the reader. But here we feel that we are treading on the ground hallowed by Uncle Toby's sentry-box and the Widow Wadman's scissors. One cannot read a page of these old books without recognizing how inimitably Sterne has caught their solemn pedantic tone; and that, whether he intended it or not, the conversations of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, with their marvellous little touches ("the best engineers call them gazons," and the like), partake largely of the nature of parody.

As to the rank and file of the engineers, the pioneers, we know but little; and that little is to their discredit. For it is plain from more than one notice that they were the scum of the army; the regular punishment for a bad character in the infantry being degradation to be a pioneer. There was but one company of pioneers in the New Model army; so that the origin of the sappers from every point of view must be admitted to be humble. To no branch of the army has time brought greater changes; for that which began almost as a penal company, fit for nothing but spade work, has developed into the corps which now bears the highest reputation of all for conduct and intelligence.

In the matter of field engineering we do not remember to have encountered more than one feat that seemed the least worthy of mention; and that one was accomplished by a Royalist officer. Nevertheless our fragmentary remarks on the engineers could not perhaps be more fittingly closed than by the fragment from a newspaper of March, 1644-45, in which the said feat is described.

"Prince Maurice [Rupert's brother] invented a new-fashioned bridge that

was never seen before, in this manner. He placed a boat on each side of the river Dee, and fastened cords to them from one side to the other; and upon the cords laid strong canvas drawn out and stretched so stiff and hard, and which was so firm that three men could walk abreast on it." Over this frail structure Maurice sent nine companies of infantry; which will be admitted to have been a pretty good test of its strength. If the story be true, this bridge would seem to stamp him as a man of no ordinary resource. But it is just possible that the English war correspondent had not yet attained to his present standard of infallibility.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

To the careless observer there does not appear to be very much difference between a Bank of England note of the present day and one of those which were first printed towards the close of the seventeenth century; but when carefully examined it will be found that the present issue is, as regards the quality of the paper and the improved character of the engraved writing, a much more remarkable production. The fact is, the Bank of England and some of the cleverest criminals have been running a race—the bank to turn out a note which might defy the power of the forger to imitate it, and those nimble-fingered and keen-witted rascals to “keep pace” with the bank.

About the year 1820 a great outcry was raised against the Bank of England for not adopting a style of note which could not be imitated, so as to prevent the sad sacrifice of life which at this period was rapidly becoming of common occurrence, the punishment for forgery being death. The subject at last assumed so pressing a character that the government appointed commissioners to investigate the causes of the numerous forgeries, and whether a mode could be devised whereby the manufacture of counterfeit bank-notes might be, if not effectually prevented

altogether, at least made an exceedingly difficult operation.

Previous to this investigation the directors of the bank had been endeavoring to remedy the evil, many plans having been from time to time submitted to them by various experts, all of which, however, they were obliged ultimately to reject. At one time they were on the point of actually adopting a curious and very costly machine for printing the note on both sides so identical in every respect as to appear but one impression, when a workman who had evidently been carefully considering the merits of the proposed project came forward and proved by practical demonstration before the members of the committee that the same thing might be done by the simple contrivance of two plates connected by a hinge. Altogether the bank placed before the commissioners one hundred and eighty different schemes which had been recommended for their adoption, and seventy varieties of paper made at their manufactory by way of experiment, in which almost every alteration suggested for adoption had been tried. The result of these laborious experiments and investigations was the bank-note of the present day. The notes now in use are, in fact, the most elaborately manufactured “bits of paper” imaginable. The paper alone is remarkable in many ways—notably for its unique whiteness and the peculiar “feel” of crispness; while its combined thinness and transparency are guards against two once very popular modes of forgery: the washing out of the printing by means of turpentine, and erasure with the knife.

The wire-mark, or watermark, is another precaution against counterfeiting, and is produced in the paper while it is in a state of pulp. In the old manufacture of bank-notes this watermark was caused by an enormous number of wires (over two thousand) stitched and sewed together; now it is engraved in a steel-faced die, which is afterwards hardened, and is then applied as a punch to stamp the pattern



out of plates of sheet-brass. The shading of the letters of this watermark further increases the difficulty of imitation. The paper is made entirely from new white linen-cuttings—never from anything that has been worn—and the toughness of it may be roughly estimated from the fact that a single bank-note will, when unsized, support a weight of thirty-six pounds. The paper is produced in pieces large enough for two notes, each of which exactly measures five inches by eight inches, and weighs eighteen grains before it is sized; and so carefully are the notes prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

Few people are aware that a Bank of England note is not of the same thickness all through. In point of fact the paper is thicker in the left-hand corner to enable it to retain a keener impression of the vignette there, and it is also considerably thicker in the dark shadows of the centre letters and beneath the figures at the ends. Counterfeit notes are invariably of one thickness only throughout.

The printing is done from electro-types—the figure of Britannia being the design of Maclise, the late Royal Academician—after the paper has been first damped with water in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. Even the printing-ink is of a special make, and is manufactured at the bank. Comparing a genuine with a spurious note, one observes that the print on the latter is usually tinted with either blue or brown. On the real note it is a very deep shade of velvety black. The ink used in the plate-printing is made of Frankfort black, which is composed of linseed oil and the charred husks and some other portions of Rhenish grapes. The notes are printed at the rate of three thousand an hour at a Napier's steam press, and the bank issues nine million of them a year, representing roughly about 300,000,000*l.* in hard cash. Each note is distinguished from all others by the number and date added to the denomination, and any

person possessing this information can ascertain at the bank to whom the note was issued, when it was issued, when it was returned to the bank, and who presented it. The practice of splitting bank-notes for fraudulent purposes has been prevented by the printed surface being alone made to receive the watermark. Only the faintest possible trace of it would in fact be retained on the split-off portion. Each note has also thin rough edges, uncut, not to be produced by any mode of cutting paper that is not made expressly for the purpose. In addition to the above precautions, there are secrets connected with the preparation of the pulp from which the paper is made, chemical compounds being introduced at the time of manufacture, while the watermarks are frequently varied, and even the ink has mysterious ingredients introduced into it.

The number of notes coming into the Bank of England every day is about fifty thousand; and three hundred and fifty thousand are destroyed every week, or something like eighteen millions every year. As a matter of fact, the average life of a note of the Bank of England is just under seventy days, and, curious to say, bank-notes are never on any account reissued. The destruction of the documents takes place about once a week, and at 7 P.M., after the notes have been previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount (in figures) and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a closed furnace, containing merely shavings and bundles of wood. At one time they used to be burnt in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with burnt fragments of Bank of England notes.

In order to facilitate inquiries, and for general purposes of reference, the bank-notes are invariably kept for a period of five years before being burned. The port of Algiers recently witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a steamboat being stoked with bank-notes. No less than forty-five sacks of the seemingly valuable paper were

ruthlessly thrust into the furnaces, to the no small tantalizing of the stokers. The paper consisted of cancelled notes of the Bank of Algiers, and the manager stood by throughout the whole operation to see that every note was consumed. But this by the way.

Bank-notes of the value of thousands of pounds are annually lost or destroyed by accident. In the forty years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been either lost or destroyed, amounting to 1,330,000*l.* odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the bank. In many instances, however, it is possible to recover the amount of the note from the bank in full. Notice has to be given to the bank of the note supposed to have been lost or stolen, together with a small fee and a full narrative as to how the loss occurred. The note is then "stopped" — that is, if the document should be presented for payment the person "stopping" the note is informed when and to whom it was paid. If presented (after having been "stopped") by any suspicious-looking person (and not through a banker), one of the detectives always in attendance at the bank would be called to question the person as to how and when the note came into his or her possession. It is quite a mistaken idea that "stopping payment" of a bank-note has the effect supposed by very many people. It simply means that the Bank of England carefully keeps a lookout for the note which has been "stopped," and though it cannot refuse to pay such note immediately on its being presented, a notification would at once be made to the person who stopped it, and the bank would give all the assistance in its power to enable the loser to recover the amount. In the case of a bank-note having been, say, burnt by mistake, if the number is known, and notice sent to the Bank of England, it will pay the amount, after an interval of five years from the date of lodging notice of destruction, should no one have presented the note for payment in the mean time. The bank in such

cases also insists on a guarantee being given by a banker or two householders that it shall be repaid in the event of the document ever turning up and being again tendered for payment. In this connection it is interesting to glance for a moment at a very wholesome rule enforced by Scotch banks in regard to mutilated and spoilt notes presented for payment. The system adopted in these institutions is a simple one, being merely to pay in proportion to the size of the bank-note; that is to say (unless there is the clearest evidence that the mutilation of the document is purely accidental), if the half of a one-pound note is presented the bank only pays ten shillings for it, on the perfectly fair plea that, for all they know to the contrary, the remaining half or third may be presented at a future time by a second person. It is not at all an unusual circumstance for a mutilated note to be presented for payment, burnt perhaps half through, with marks of burning on the fringes. Nor is the damage always accidental. The men who indulge in the luxury of lighting their pipes with a bank-note are not always, as some may think, millionaires or recognized lunatics of society. The spoilt notes are more often than not presented by workmen or laborers, who confess without hesitation that they have intentionally lighted their pipes with them from mere braggadocio.

Very curious occasionally is the fate of bank-notes. They have been found in extraordinary places, have been unlawfully manufactured, have been lost or mislaid under remarkable circumstances, have been destroyed by accident or of set purpose, and have in cases innumerable been the cause of crime, as well as led to the discovery of the criminal.

A few years ago a merchant of Limerick discovered a "pusher" of counterfeit bank-notes in the following extraordinary manner: A stranger one day visited his shop, and in payment for what he received placed a new Bank of Ireland "one-pound note" on the counter, and, receiving his change,

took his departure. On each Bank of Ireland note is a list of the towns in which it has branches, amongst which is the town of Gorey, in Wexford, and as the merchant was putting the note into his safe this particular town caught his eye, and the idea entered his head that it was misspelt, it being down as "Gory." Ordering a clerk to follow his visitor, he took the note to the office of the bank, where, after close scrutiny, it was found to be a clever forgery. The "pusher" was tracked to a leading hotel, and in a trunk found in his apartments were discovered several thousands of pounds of counterfeit bank-notes.

The recent instance where a bank clerk's bag in a high wind blew open, allowing two thousand pounds in notes to float about upon the breeze, recalls to our mind an occurrence somewhat similar in character, but far more disastrous, that happened in a north country town a little while ago. A farmer, who was completing a purchase of some property at his solicitor's office in Northampton, took five hundred pounds in Bank of England notes from his pocket-book, and placed the documents on a table near the window. The fire had been smoking, and the window had been thrown open to freshen the room. A sudden gust of wind blew the whole bundle of notes into the fire, and they were all burnt up before anything could be done.

Convenient as the bank-note is, through its capability of being stowed away in a small space, and being of infinitesimal weight, those very qualities sometimes lead to its undergoing experiences of a peculiarly hazardous nature. One of the strangest incidents of this kind occurred a few years ago. Mr. Munro, the sculptor, gave his sister a five-pound note to pay a bill. She put the "bit of paper" in her pocket, and for a time forgot all about it, even sending her white dress to the laundress without remembering it. When the dress came back from the wash, recollecting the occurrence, and never for a moment expecting to find any trace of the document, she neverthe-

less looked in the pocket in a hopeless sort of way, and to her surprise and astonishment she found a lump of something hard, which, on being damped and carefully smoothed out, was seen to be the missing note, somewhat diminished in quantity, but none the less valuable for its practical acquaintance with the washing-tub. It was duly cashed at the bank on it being explained that the note had been washed, boiled, starched, and ironed, which accounted for its dilapidated condition.

Bank-notes have at times played a far more important part in our modern life, and in how many tragic incidents—momentous to more than the mere receiver—have the crisp scraps of paper not figured?

Some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note, which he held up to the scrutiny of the light so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed some partially indistinct red marks of words traced out on the front of the note beside the lettering, and on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to try to decipher the words so strangely inscribed. With great difficulty, so faintly written were they, and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean on being shown the note, lost no time in asking the government of the day to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared that for eleven long years the latter had been a slave to the dey of Algiers, and that his family and relatives believed him to be dead. With a piece of wood he had traced in his own blood on the bank-note the message which was eventually to secure his release. The government aided the efforts of his brother to set him free, this being accomplished on payment of a ransom to the dey. Unfortunately, the captive did not long enjoy his liberty, his bod-

ily sufferings while working as a slave in Algiers having undermined his constitution.

We will conclude our article with an account of a collection which is probably unique in the history of bank-notes. We refer to the museum of a well-known Leeds banker, who possesses an immense number of different bank-notes issued at various times by banks that have come to grievous smash, and which have involved thousands of persons in their ruin. Not alone are bank-notes included in this curious collection of relics of broken banks—which must start a world of painful reflections in a commercial community—but also bonds relating to celebrated undertakings which have proved sources of immense loss to speculators, these including “scrip” of the South Sea Bubble, of many of the schemes of Hudson, the railway king, and of the Tichborne Bond enterprise. So far as the bank-notes are concerned, it is astonishing to see what a large number of establishments they refer to; and the whole collection represents the names of schemes which have drained the investing public of hundreds of millions sterling. The collector relates that on several occasions visitors who have seen the collection have, on coming to some particular note, burst into tears, for they have been directly connected with the ruin wrought by the crash indicated by that same note.

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From Good Words.

A WEDDING IN THE PISTOIESE.

BY ISABELLA M. ANDERTON.

BEPPE was the eldest son in a little farmhouse hidden among the chestnut woods that clothe the Tuscan Apennines above Pistoia. His younger brother, Sandro, was already married, and it was decided that Beppe, too, must take a wife. Another daughter-in-law was wanted in the house. There really were not enough hands, now that wood must be stacked, fields dug, and fodder prepared ready for the winter.

Moreover, the chestnut harvest was approaching, and too many girls must be hired unless there were some one else in the family to help with the work. So Beppe, resigning himself to his fate with all the stolidity that breathed from his broad, square-cut shoulders and short, bull neck, set to work to find some one to court. His choice fell on a highly colored, energetic woman, well known through all the country-side as an indefatigable worker. He bought her a fairing, had the banns published, and married her in three weeks.

I had been passing a few days in the farmhouse, and now received most pressing invitations to be present at the wedding. The guests were first to assemble, at about eight o'clock, in the bride's house; then after a slight refreshment, *rinresco*, to go all together to the church in the village hard by, and thence to return to the Cavi, Beppe's home, to dinner at about mid-day.

The bride lived some miles away, in a little hamlet perched nearly on the top of the mountain-ridge. The roads were in many places mere mule-tracks through the wood, so it was necessary to allow ourselves plenty of time. At five o'clock, therefore, on the eventful morning, a donkey, which had been with some difficulty procured for the occasion, was led round to our door by a boy who boasted the romantic name of Poeta, and off we set; my landlord with his gun across his shoulder; his son, the village masher, in all the glory of black clothes, bright tie, and heavy watch-chain; a peasant woman who had constituted herself our companion, and ourselves.

We wound higher and higher in the ever-freshening morning air, between hedges gay with autumn berries, until, just below the Cavi, we halted to await the arrival of the bridegroom and his family. First of all they were not dressed—their new clothes tried them, it appeared—and then the bridegroom had forgotten the ring, and must go back across the fields to get it.

We waited for him by a little lonely

shrine under a chestnut-tree. The woods which clothed the slopes of the opposite mountains were still hushed in the cold grey-blue of early dawn. Suddenly the scarped precipices and lonely peaks above them were illuminated, as though from within, by wondrous rose-colored fire, and hung there like some great, glowing amethyst between the cold sky above and the cold woods below. Then, as we continued to gaze, the glorious hope was transformed, and merged into the common life of the new day.

Joined at last by the bridegroom, we had a long but most picturesque expedition up a torrent bed, through rocks and woods of infinite variety. The jokes that enlivened it were hearty, if not too refined. They were the sort of jokes Shakespeare's clowns might have made; and, indeed, it often seemed as if the characters of some old play were come to life, and were moving and talking around us.

The bride's house was reached a few minutes after eight o'clock. It was a small, one-storied cottage at the farther end of a higgedly-piggledy hamlet. At the foot of the steps which led up to the door stood a man with a remarkably fine white beard, holding a thick stick in his hand. This was the guardian of the bride, and he resolutely refused to let any one enter. A loud altercation arose; Beppe opened his big green umbrella, and, spinning it round and round above his head, tried to push by; my landlord tried to force his way with his gun; but it was not till pantomime and dialogue had grown fast and furious that the guardian gave the word, and the bride appeared framed in the dark doorway above us. Her rosy face was shadowed by her white bridal kerchief, and in her hands she carried bunches of flowers, which she smilingly distributed by way of welcome.

The door opened straight into the kitchen, where the *rinfrasco* was laid. When my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and my ears to the sound of many voices, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of women, who

were questioning me, as usual, on my most intimate personal affairs. "Are you married or single?" was the first and all-important question. "Where do you come from?" "When are you going back to England?" The questions followed each other fast and thick, as the women looked at me with strange curiosity written in their eyes. I very soon managed to turn the conversation on to their own family affairs, however; and taking into my lap a delicate, fair-haired child, who looked slight and flower-like indeed in that smoke-browned room and among those sun-burnt faces, set them talking with much gesticulation and great volubility of feeling about the little thing's illness. They were afraid she would have been lame. "But she's better now, and will grow into a strong woman yet, *se Dio vuole*," they ended, as, smiling down upon her, they turned away to give their attention to the business of the day.

The whole party, some forty in number, now proceeded to the *rinfrasco*. On the coarse, clean table-cloth lay great hunks of excellent brown, home-made bread, each piece about the size of an ordinary loaf. These were eaten with slices of raw ham about a quarter of an inch thick. After the bread and ham appeared huge pieces of *schiacciata*, a country cake made of the ordinary dark flour, flavored with anise, and put to rise like bread. After the *schiacciata*, small cheeses were produced, and, lastly, piles of wafer-like biscuits (*cialde*). Meanwhile drinking had been going on freely. In the middle of the table stood two gigantic bottles of country wine, while smaller flasks were passed merrily about. When full justice had been done to the wine, a light liqueur called *rinfrasco* was drunk out of small glasses, as well as another liqueur, the reverse of light, consisting, we are told, of rum and gin, or rum and brandy.

After every one had thus turned this "slight refreshment" into a hearty meal, the whole party set out for the church, which was at Rivoleta, a village some little distance off. We were



walking ahead with our peasant companion and one of the men. This man had been carefully provided with half-pennies, as to the use of which we were hazarding various surmises. We had not gone many steps before we found the road barred by a rope, over which were hung the brightest of colored kerchiefs.

"What is that for?" we asked.

"They have made the barrier," was the answer; "the bride must pay to go through."

So the man who was with us, the bride's forerunner, paid a half-penny, the rope dropped and on we went. This was repeated several times, the barriers forming charming streaks of color under the overarching trees and against the grey stone of the cottages, until the bride had finally passed from the little hamlet where she had lived her maiden life.

In due time we reached the church, and the ecclesiastical ceremony was performed. As for the civil marriage, the peasant mind still regards that as a superfluity which can be gone through or not, according to the convenience of the parties concerned.

We were much struck here by the good feeling shown by this ignorant, illiterate bride. Beppe's father and hers had had some hot words on the subject of the dowry, and the former had sworn that he would not be present at the wedding. Being an obstinate old man he stuck to his word, though he could not resist the temptation of accompanying the party. Near the bride's hamlet he began to complain of a bad foot, sat down by the roadside, and absolutely refused to go farther. At the church door he placed himself on a stone under the trees, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to enter the sacred building. This incident cast a gloom over the whole proceedings, but the bride was not to be daunted. When she and Beppe, now man and wife, came out of the church, she went straight up to him, took his two hands in hers, kissed him, and looking pleadingly up at him, called him by the pretty Italian name

"Babbo." The old man was mollified, and walked back much more cheerfully than he had come; though we have since heard that his vindictive obstinacy (a strongly marked trait in the peasant character) was by no means conquered, and that much ill-will exists between the two families.

Rivoreta is a delightfully clean, breezy hamlet, consisting of about half-a-dozen houses, a whitewashed church, and an airy *canonica*, opening on to a small piazza, paved with white cobblestones. The snowy whiteness of the buildings and the pavement, throwing up the bright colors of the women's kerchiefs and dresses, the whole shut in by embowering chestnuts, formed a picture not likely to be soon forgotten.

The ceremony over, the guests repaired to the one wine-shop of the place to consume more wine and rum; and as this and the priest's breakfast (for Don Tito was going with us) took some time, it was getting late ere the long procession started for the Cavi. First went two women with large, round baskets on their heads; this was the bride's trousseau. The bride and bridegroom should have followed next; but as the donkey resolutely refused to play second fiddle, and the way was long, etiquette was thrown to the winds, and we moved on in a merry, haphazard crowd. As soon as the meadow that lies between the woods and the Cavi was reached, however, the bride and bridegroom headed the procession, both with hanging heads; he sheepishly playing with the cheap watch-chain he had bought at the fair, she trying to carry off her embarrassment by smiles, making heroic efforts to be natural in her words and movements.

Beppe's mother was "discovered" watching at the door of the farmhouse. She now came running across the field with outstretched arms, according to prescribed custom, welcomed her new daughter-in-law with a kiss on both cheeks, and led her into her new home.

The feast was spread on long tables in the fretwork of light and shade under chestnut-trees behind the house,

and the guests, reinforced by Beppe's friends, must have numbered quite fifty. The bride and bridegroom were placed at the head of the table. She tried to assume an air of indifference, he to make up for his want of appetite and to prime himself to face the assembled company by assiduity at the wine-flask. Signs, in fact, were not wanting that, however much the marriage may have been originally one of convenience, the passion which sleeps in blood warmed by Italian sun and enriched by the odors of the forest, had been thoroughly roused by the events of the day and the pungent jests of the guests.

We were placed next to the bridegroom, between him and the sharp-faced, humorous-looking priest, and from this coign of vantage could survey all the table. Our friend with the white beard distinguished himself especially; continually interrupting himself, however, to cry "Viva gli Sposi!" Then the whole company would clap their hands and cry "Evviva gli Sposi" in their turn; only there were some who complained that Il Rosso (the man had been red-haired originally) seemed to have a spite against them, and always called the *Evvivas* just when they had their glasses in their hands.

Towards the end of the dinner Il Rosso began to hum.

"Will he improvise?" I asked the priest.

"No doubt he will, both he and his father are noted for it; but not yet, he has not raised the glass often enough."

After a little while, however, Il Rosso, feeling himself sufficiently well primed, came to the head of the table. Silence was proclaimed, and he sung a *stornello* in honor of the bride and bridegroom, wishing them the usual good things of this life; children to help them with their work, and plenty to eat and drink. He was followed by a little excitable woman with a strident voice, much admired by her audience, who had already sung once at the bride's house during the *rinfrasco*. Her one form of dramatic action consisted

in thumping the table with her closed fist.

By five o'clock all was over. The guests, having cows and heifers to be seen to before nightfall, had set out home through the cool of the chestnut woods; and we, with our donkey and its poetical driver, were quietly dropping down the rock-paved road, past the acacia hedges to the village below. The beauty of rock, forest, and torrent had passed into our souls, as we thought wonderingly of the strange mixture of the idyllic and the realistic in the scenes of which this nature had been the setting; of the frankness mingled with reserve, open-heartedness with shrewdness, hospitality with a tendency to critical carping that form the characteristics of this most attractive peasant population.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE PASTORIZA PILGRIMAGE.

A FEELING of curiosity made us spectators of the Pastoriza Pilgrimage. Pastoriza is an isolated hilly village, about three miles from Coruña, pretty as to situation with its fine woods and its glorious sea view, but so poverty-stricken. Now, to give my readers an idea *why* the faithful should go on pilgrimage to Pastoriza, I will roughly glean from Spanish legends, called "The Virgin of Pastoriza," written by the Gallega authoress, Emilia Pardo Bazan.

"Our Lady of Pastoriza" is supposed to be the first image of the Virgin made and worshipped in Galicia, being about fifteen centuries old, having been erected in the fifth century by Rechiamo, first Christian king of the Suevos (a barbarian Germanic race, who were established in Galicia for the space of one hundred and seventy-five years); this king built a rude hermitage on the site of the present church; here the Virgin was worshipped and venerated until an invasion of the Saracens, who set fire to the hermitage and no doubt would have destroyed the image, had it not been for the devotion

of a Christian, who, hearing of the approach of the invaders, hid the figure in a hole under a huge block of stones a little distance from the hermitage." (Many of the faithful go through the difficult task of crawling under these stones, called "the cradle of the Virgin.")

"When the country was restored to quiet and Christianity, this hiding-place was revealed to a little shepherdess, who, perceiving a star resting on the 'cradle,' ran to the peasants, persuading them to lift the rock, under which the image was found. A church was now built, taking the place of the hermitage (this in the eleventh century), where the faithful flocked from great distances, attracted by the tale of the miraculous discovery."

Some tradition seems to have been kept, however, amongst the peasants during this interval, for they would speak mysteriously of a star which, riding over the *castro*, ruins of ancient fortified place, directly after the setting of the sun, served as a beacon to the mariners on that rugged coast.

"The Virgin was now left in peace until the fifteenth century, when the English (perfidious Albion!) elated by the destruction of the 'Invincible Armada,' became bolder and more hostile in their depredations on the Spanish coast, Drake especially distinguishing himself in these piracies." (Drake, whose name is still thought of with superstitious horror by the natives, believing that it signifies Dragon!)

"When Drake came with his fleet to besiege Coruña, men, women, and children rose up to defend their country, and he was totally defeated." (I translate a legend, be it remembered.) "Before retiring discomfited the heretics left sad memories behind them, destroying all they could, sacking the churches and monasteries, destroying the images, with ruthless hate. It was then that the famous miracle called 'el milagro del Draque' took place; a band of heretic soldiers took the beloved 'pastoral virgin' out of the church, threw it on the ground, broke

the head open, and decapitated it, but in a moment it became whole and intact as before, which sight so affrighted the soldiers that they fled, forgetting in their hurry to pillage or even set fire to the church. A century after a Coruñese 'Don Juan del Rio,' fired with enthusiasm by this miracle, rebuilt at his own expense the old church, which was too small for the numerous devotees." (Some of his descendants still live in Coruña; the females of his line have the privilege of being waiting-maids to the Virgin, dressing and adorning her on festive occasions. The founder and his family are buried in a chapel in the church.)

An old writing explains that Don Juan del Rio, finding the original figure of the Virgin very old-fashioned and difficult to dress, for she was represented sitting in a chair, her arms resting on it, so that the dresses could not be fitted to the waist, he deemed it advisable to make certain alterations to suit the taste of the day, so that now she is to be seen standing, with waist *segun arte*, and is easily dressed. Though the work was well done, it cannot but be lamented that the original was not left in its primitive state.

An old writing on the wall of the church was also rendered illegible by this energetic Vandal, for an order to a mason is still to be seen, in which he is told to clean it, and *escodarlo* "hew with a stone hammer." All that is legible is the date, 491, probably the year in which the hermitage was built.

The poor image seems to have been doomed not to be left in peace. Here is the last legend.

"At the commencement of this century a Coruña sailing captain literally fell in love with the Virgin; such an exclusive, passionate character did this devotion take, that he conceived the wild idea of becoming sole possessor of the old image, thinking that, having this precious talisman on board his ship, he must always be safe from all perils by water." (This Virgin is especially venerated by the mariner.) "This longing destroyed appetite, sleep, and rest. Seeing it would be

impossible to get the whole image, he determined to become the owner at least of the divine visage. Bribing the sacristan with two hundred pesos and the gift of a new head, the old one was removed." (The Virgin this time, evidently in consideration of the simple faith and ardent love of the destroyer, *allowed* herself to be decapitated, and the elated captain escaped, bearing the precious head under his cloak.) "His joy, however, was short-lived; the exchange was found out, judicial enquiries set on foot, and the delinquent made to restore the head; the sacristan was imprisoned."

No one can tell how it was that the old head was not replaced; probably the new one, which was well made and *modern*, was considered more beautiful; be that as it may, the new one was venerated and worshipped, whilst the original—fifteen centuries old—was consigned to the dusty depths of an old chest, where it was discovered by the present priest, who, appreciating its antiquity, keeps it carefully covered by a curtain, only to be shown on especial occasions to the vulgar gaze. This head is exactly the size of the present one, is a type of Germanic beauty, the features good and correct, the color white and fresh, the wavy hair is colored by some curious process; a breakage reveals coat over coat of some strange composition, almost as hard as the wood of which it is made, the head shows signs of having had an "oriol," or crown on it.

Leaving the legendary lore of "Nuestra Señora de Pastoriza," I will now describe the actual pilgrimage. First let me mention that Pastoriza has always held its yearly religious *fête* each 30th of August; those on sanctity bent perform penances crawling on their knees round the church, and in it up to the altar, climbing a steep hill where the image of the Virgin and Child marks the spot where the star is said to have appeared. Still it was thought the faithful needed more "stirring up," so a pilgrimage falling on the same day, and allowing certain privileges, was ordained. An archbishop, with

full papal powers, arrived in Coruña, and while rousing the flagging faith (superstition?) of the people, sold indulgences, also medals as decorations, the amount realized to be presented to the "poor pope."

Much excitement prevailed in Coruña for several weeks anterior to the day, wagon loads of miserable poor coming into town to be marshalled in order. Well, the day arrived. After mass in the parish church here, the procession started, at 6.30 A.M., gay with banners and decorations, certain orders carrying distinctive colors worn round the neck. A beautiful banner representing "The Sacred Heart," was presented to the church of Pastoriza by our friend, the Marquesa de S. M., a son carrying it, and heading the procession. Some of the pilgrims were allowed to drive a certain distance, but the last hill, a *long* one (the whole route from Coruña is hilly), was, of necessity, to be walked.

As we neared the village we were struck by the very pretty floral decorations where the road branched off to Pastoriza, arches tastefully made and leading up to the church itself (no little distance), with mottoes descriptive of the occasion. The church is a good-sized building, and better decorated than the generality of village churches; there is a very plain but *necessary* "aviso," written in its entrance "begging worshippers to refrain from spitting until they go out!" We had secured a balcony overlooking a large courtyard opposite the church; here was built, in the courtyard, a temporary altar and pulpit. After the *clanging* of bells, the procession filed up, the archbishop, who had driven, walked to the altar; while the ceremony of the host was preparing, an energetic little curé mounted the pulpit, rang a silver bell, said a few words suitable to the occasion, then a pause—another tinkle of the bell—a hymn to the Virgin was sung, sadly out of time and tune, greatly to the distress of the curé, judging from his face; he was evidently musical, and gifted also with a fine, sonorous, tuneful voice; another pause,

another tinkle, then vehement injunctions to prepare for the "Actual Presence."

Hundreds of people had by this time crowded in, by no means a reverential crowd, a strange mixture of unbelief and servile bigotry; it was, I think, a showing of the present "free thinking" age creeping in, a loss of faith in mum-mery, a helpless feeling of no anchorage.

The archbishop then gave the sacrament, first to the pilgrims—only one of these was dressed in the actual garb, viz., cloak and hat, decorated with the scallop shell, the staff and gourd, and breast laden with medals, trophies of pilgrimages. We (the onlookers, as became us—respecters of religion), remained quiet spectators, not so many Roman Catholics; vendors of cooling drinks sold outside the kneelers; in the Posada itself, to which the balcony belonged, came shouts of laughter and singing from merry-makers. After the sacrament, the archbishop entered the church to consecrate the banners, then followed a fearful rush. We did not make the attempt, we were told the building was *horribly* crowded. We were watching a little girl, niece of the parish priest (Pastoriza), with a beautiful banner in her hands, blue and white satin, elaborately embroidered, the child dressed in corresponding colors (the Virgin's); she was anxiously trying to get into the church when down came the rain, a regular Galician downpour; the poor child was so fretted about her banner, as indeed were the others with their respective ones, but the little woman touched our hearts, so "got up" for the occasion, long thought of, undoubtedly; at last she was squeezed into a side door. Meanwhile, the crowd presented a very curious aspect; the opening of hundreds of umbrellas gave the appearance, from our height, of a vast field of dark, animated mushrooms.

At ten o'clock we entered the Po-

sada, lunched heartily from our amply provided hamper, then, the rain clearing up, we strolled round the village and its environs, now characteristic of a huge fair, with its drinking booths, its vendors of fruit, bread, etc., etc. After which we climbed the height to more nearly examine the *cuna de la Virgen*—cradle of the Virgin. We met many of the pilgrims, more or less worn-looking, wearily toiling up, still fasting.

At about eleven, another preacher ascended the pulpit, and in eloquent words "crying up" the image and down the heretic; we smiled at what we felt was a feeling of politeness on his part, as while denouncing certain countries as "hot-beds" of the unbeliever in images, England was left out. Now again a downpour, the Posada became a scene of rowdiness, and we hastened to drive home, not sorry to leave.

It seems strange that men so gifted as these respective preachers should waste breath in trying to revive a state of superstition instead of generating the fine old simple faith of the New Testament unadulterated! Later on in the day, the *Hijas de Maria*—Mary's daughters—chanted and sang hymns to the Virgin; these *hijas* are unmarried women and girls, banded together, and appointed to sing at certain religious festivals.

We felt instinctively the day was a bitter disappointment to the archbishop. Naturally in a crowd of hundreds there are diversities of opinions. The "free-thinkers" made the occasion a cause for demonstrating their ideas, and with *mal à propos* taste hissed the poor old dignitary. It was well no further harm was done!

Reaching home in good time, we were told we were spared much that was disagreeable both to sight and sound, and I think I have had sufficient experience in pilgrimages!

LOUISA M. RAWSON-WALKER.



